

THE ATHENÆUM



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ENGLISH & FOREIGN LITERATURE,
SCIENCE, THE FINE ARTS, MUSIC,
& THE DRAMA.



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THE ATHENÆUM

A JOURNAL OF
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LITERATURE,
THE ARTS

A NEW YEAR SUGGESTION

THERE is, at the present time, a ferment of activity among the caryatids of the arts, and those who have a perverse cast of mind will say that there is more froth than substance in the ferment. For ourselves we decline to risk an opinion; we merely record the fact that nowadays æsthetic societies are legion, and that they could hardly exist without supplying a need and attracting supporters. Roughly speaking, the function of these societies is to excite the attention and interest of the general public to the modern work that is being done in the various arts, and thereby to create for the artist a larger audience than he has been hitherto able to command. Eventually, it is hoped, there will be a marked increase in the intelligent demand for works of pure and applied art.

No intention could be more laudable; no expectation, it would seem, more reasonable. Yet in actual experience we quickly discover a paradox. We find these organizations, as a rule, addressing themselves not to the general public, but to a very particular audience which has little need of salvation. Go to any one of the public meetings of any one of the societies, and you will meet the old familiar faces of those whom you have known for amateurs or enthusiasts as long as you have been one yourself. Think back, under the influence of this constataion, to the time when you began to take an interest in these things, and it is unlikely that you will find its source or occasion in a society. Perhaps there were not any societies in those days; but probably there were a few, and undoubtedly you might have been saved a great deal of unnecessary pioneer work on your own account if you had had the good fortune to come into contact with one of them.

Something, surely, is wrong. As far as the general public is concerned societies too often vaticinate *in vacuo*; they preach to the converted; the current is short-circuited before it comes into contact with the heathen. No doubt the secretary of any such society

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would admit the failure readily, and assuredly we do not bring it forward as an annihilating criticism of their activities; but we think that those who direct these organizations are often less aware than they might be of the urgent necessity of breaking new ground. Their function is less to delight the intelligent audience which the artist already has than to enlarge the *intelligentsia* itself.

We admit that this is not easy. To overcome indifference is a Sisyphean, almost a paradoxical task. How are you to attract the interest of one who by definition will ignore your advances? In spite of all that well-meaning opponents of preciousness may say, it is impossible to make art as immediately attractive as a football match or a Beckett-Carpentier fight. The real solution, it seems to us, is to combat indifference before it has begun. It is not very likely that any blandishments will persuade to the contrary opinion a grown man who has made up his mind that art is nonsense; but there is a very real chance of convincing a boy that there is something in it, if the art you put before him is of the kind that he can relate to possible activities of his own.

It is, indeed, the boy rather than the man who must be approached by the evangel of art. And with boys everything depends upon the character of the evangelist. If a

man strikes them as being profoundly convinced about what he is saying (so profoundly convinced that he cannot find the time to talk very far above their heads) they will listen and attend. They have no means of judging what he says in a spirit of pure objectivity; but they can very quickly tell whether he believes it himself, and they can tell the more readily the nearer he is to them in years.

We are not suggesting that an indiscriminate æsthetic propaganda among schoolboys should be begun. We think it might be a very good thing; but it is obviously beyond the powers of any society or alliance of societies. We must perforce be content with a much smaller programme, one which, with a little good will, might easily be accomplished. For there exists among boys a restricted audience that is

already half-prepared to receive any message that modern artists may have to impart to them. In the various art and craft schools of London alone there must be some thousands of boys with a natural predilection for the things of art, and a very genuine desire to have their æsthetic horizon broadened. No doubt they imbibe a great deal of solid nutriment from their official masters; but they are taught, as they must be taught, according to a tradition which is, very often, peculiarly cramped and cramping. The authorities themselves are aware of this, and they endeavour to combat the deadening influence of stereotyped methods by calling in various venerable old gentlemen to lecture on the broader aspects of art.

We ourselves love venerable old gentlemen who have spent most of their lives in lecturing, but we have to confess that we have listened to very few of them from whom we have learned anything or by whose influence we have added a cubit to our enthusiasm; and we think that if they have generally bored us, they must bore boys more profoundly still. A boy needs to have formed in him an enthusiastic conviction that art is a sufficient and a possible way of life, that it may be a complete expression of all that is of real value in experience, that it is not some quaint activity of which the patterns are stored up for ever in the remoteness of museums, but one which a number of people not so very much older than himself are pondering, making experiment of, and wrestling with in all seriousness every day.

We fear that pious hands may be uplifted in horror at the suggestion which is dimly adumbrated in these words. Let us therefore make it more explicit. We suggest that the reformers and enthusiasts of modern art in every kind should be given an opportunity of putting their views before boys, and boys given the chance of hearing them. If there is a danger that the good, sound tradition (which has so often nothing to do with the real tradition at all) should be corrupted, we are perfectly willing to amend our suggestion so that respectable traditional young artists should be given the opportunity as freely as those who are accounted "rebels." The boy can choose between them, and take that which suits him from each. Only let these occasional professors be young; let them be people who have not forgotten how they hoped for a lead when themselves were young—people whom boys may, without an impossible effort of the imagination, suppose to be of like passions with themselves. They may not have as much learning as those venerable figures whom they would supplant or supplement, but their knowledge will at least be actual as an instrument to which they have recourse to solve problems that are real to them and can be made intelligible to their audience.

The academic conception of art and literature is no danger to grown-ups, for they have grown up either to disregard it or to believe in it implicitly. There is no danger of their impulses and enthusiasms being frozen. But with boys these things are different. It is not immediately evident that art is co-extensive with the intellectual and sensational life of man, or that beauty stands in an intimate relation to all vivid experience. A boy is naturally inclined to believe that art is a subject and a profession of equal and appalling difficu-

But, however true it may be that the way of the artist is hard, it is the delights, the importance, the actuality of art that need to be, and are so seldom, exhibited to him. A boy who receives an inkling of the rewards and satisfactions of art will confront with enthusiasm its difficulties, and even if he may never become a master, he will never be a hireling, and he will help to create that sympathetic and understanding audience which is the best guarantee of a vital art. Here then, in the boy, is the opportunity for our societies. *Hic Rhodus, hic salta.*

M.

GENII OF THE RING

"LES exercices du cirque," says Jules Lemaitre, "consistent essentiellement à contrarier les lois de la nature." Does the charm of the circus lie in that paradox, or in the scope it gives to an inherited instinct, our dormant sense of kinship with the animals? Or is it, as those aver who love to sit close on the curve of the ring and swallow clots of tan, a case of genuine Lippian *Einfühlung*, the bliss of feeling the rush and thrill of the movement? Perhaps it is hardly worth while to pursue the discussion. The charm of the circus somehow eludes analysis. Or, if we must go on probing its æsthetics, let us anyhow first take a glance at its evolution. We shall find that, like the drama and the novel, it has always reflected the fashions of the moment.

The foundation-stone of the English circus was laid in the eighteenth century, with a characteristic avoidance of fuss and emphasis. Somewhere about 1770 a cavalry trooper named Philip Astley returned from service abroad with a horse and a medal and roped in a simple pitch on a field near Lambeth, where he showed equestrian feats in the open air. His wife, his son and a pupil or two joined the troupe; success followed, and within a short time there were covered wooden seats for the spectators. Notices proclaimed that Astley could be seen daily "riding, on full speed, with his head on a common pint-pot, at the rate of twelve miles an hour." "Please to ask for a bill at the door," adds the programme with severe probity, "and see that the number of fifty feats are performed." Competition, at Sadler's Wells and elsewhere, failed to kill the enterprise, and in 1780 there rose near Westminster Bridge a building that called itself "Astley's Amphitheatre." With the usual breaks due to fires, enlargements and bankruptcies, this historic house lasted till 1893, when Lord George Sanger, its final proprietor, surrendered it to the L.C.C. for destruction.

The name of George Sanger brings to mind his memoirs, over the pages of which it is impossible not to dawdle. They are a link between the eighteenth century and the Romantic circus and also an entry into a vanished England. We commend them earnestly to the social historian. Their author began life travelling with his father, one of Nelson's old sailors who had taken to the road with a peepshow. But it is the book itself that is the most vivid of peepshows, revealing glimpse by glimpse the fierce and lawless England of the years that followed Waterloo, As we pass through the countryside in the showman's

caravan we hear of the Devil joining the alehouse circle, of unprovoked murders perpetrated with bill-hooks, of mysterious wayfarers who ask for a lift at night, and are betrayed by the horrid contents of their sacks as "body-snatchers." Town populations cower in cellars, while Chartist mobs sweep the streets and are volleyed by soldiery; tribes of gipsies fight set battles with brigades of grim, top-hatted police and leave their dead and wounded on the field; tipsy mobs wreck the showmen's booths at fairs for sport, and the owners take vengeance with their whips of whalebone; on the road the showmen fight each other for precedence till the maddened elephants rush from the wreck of the wagons and stampede the combatants back into their senses. Justice Shallow, with his constables and beadies, in summary raids deals out vengeance rather than law, reserving a special thick stick for the "strollers and vagabonds." On such an anvil was forged the generation that gave the circus its place in fancy and literature.

"Now, sir, if you please, inquire for Miss Woolford, sir." Such, according to "Boz," was the formula with which Widdicombe, the famous ringmaster at Astley's in the thirties, would cut short the jesting of the clown. On these magic syllables, to a charming *galopé*, there arrives the Romantic circus. Miss Woolford, gauzy and roseate dream! She haunts the novels of Dickens, she is the "Donna Inez Woolfordinez" of the cockney laureate Bon Gaultier, it is she (or we like to think it is she) who appears, with her lustrous orbs a trifle exaggerated, at the foot of an illustration by Doyle to the "Newcomes." She is the Taglioni of the ring, the *écuyère de panneau* in her classical quintessence. It was not for her to vault on and off like a tomboy, to throw somersaults from the pad, or hang inverted (Mercy on us, my dear!) with tresses dabbling in the tan as Mazeppa. She might by condensation flit across the outspread "garter" or the "banner," or even burst through the wrack of a paper "balloon," like Phœbe piercing the clouds with silvery visage. But for the rest the art of the ballerina sufficed, *entrechats*, attitudes and arabesques. What man (what schoolboy) with a soul could ask more? Was the hand that looked so ethereal on the neck of the great white horse, curved like a chess knight's, really claimed in mortal marriage by the intrepid Ducrow? History says so, and surely he deserved the prize, the tremendous fellow, who rode his three horses abreast right on to the stage of Drury Lane, where, putting to flight Macbeth and the Prince of Denmark, he regaled the age of the Eglinton Tournament with the jousts of "King Arthur and the Knights of the Round Table." We discern, also, our old friend Fitzball, a manuscript protruding from his frock. It is "The White Maiden of California," in which the spirits of twelve dead Indian chieftains are to rise through traps on statuesque cream-coloured horses. We have reached the apogee of arenic Romanticism—Sylphs, paladins and ghosts—"the charm's wound up!"

It was somewhere in France that a change came over the spirit of the dream. Astley, who built a circus there in 1804, handed on the torch to the Franconi dynasty. Caroline Loyo, who may be seen in prints in her waving Grecian draperies, and Pauline Cuzent, who dressed as a Polish hussar, were the

opposite numbers of our English Woolfords. But the time came, about the middle of the seventies, when this all went suddenly out of date. It was the hour of Realism, and, on the principle *omne ignotum pro diabolo*, the English clowns who were then performing in Paris became the target for æsthetic shafts. The humble individual who, in all innocence, after asking Mr. Widdicombe, "What can I come for to go, for to fetch, for to bring, for to carry, for to do for you, sir," tripped on his face and rose bleeding profuse sawdust from his nose, now learned that the red crescents on his cheeks were "two bloody patches, the insignia of boxing and English consumption," that the genius of his nation had marked him with its *caractère de flegme et d'ennui noir*, that his knockabout business evoked *visions de Bedlam, d'amphithéâtre d'anatomie, de baigne, de morgue*. Thus De Goncourt, who in "Les Frères Zemganno" and its charming illustrations, where Big Ben is shown changing above the London fog-bank into a tall black sprite with a dolorous white clown's face, has given the expression in fiction of these theories. The Hanlon-Lees troupe proceeded to put them in practice. Six brilliant acrobats with a taste for the *macabre*, they announced their arrival in some American city by appearing to fling themselves from a public monument. They performed mute dramas, full of violent catastrophes, during which emotions of palpitating terror were frozen into savage caricature. "What do you mean by your pantomimes?" a critic once asked of a similar troupe, the Pinauds. "Absolutely nothing," was the reply. "On the contrary, we try to destroy all connection between the scenes of our entertainment. We only wish to produce upon the audience the impression of violent terror and madness. And therefore we represent a man alarmed by the successive apparitions of animals, which play music when they are touched." This acrobat anticipates Marinetti!

In such an atmosphere no wonder the *écuyère de panneau* wilted. The wasp-waisted riders of the *haute école* got all the flowers. There was a *frisson* of wickedness about their silk hats. Around one of them, famous at Paris in the nineties, hung many legends. "L'*écuyère* baudelairienne, la tragique petite centauresse, funeste aux Lapithes dévorés de désirs"; so Lemaître writes of her, and paints her on her spectral horse, "semé de vilaines taches pareilles à des ulcères," pursued on her course round the ring by indignant shades.

When the last Realistic novel had been written the circus sank into dullness. It evolved towards closely specialized gymnastics. We were told that the new feats at Berlin and other centres were ten times more difficult and breakneck than the old. That was true, but they were not half so pretty to watch. We hear now of a revival, a return to our own traditions. It is a rumour in Islington, a fact at Olympia. Our eyes have seen. Sandals and tarlatan, banners, garters and balloons! . . . What was it the ringmaster said just now to the clown? It is hard to be sure, the band is so very strident. But, unless we were dreaming, the words we heard were these: "Now, sir, if you please, inquire for Miss Woolford, sir."

D. L. M.

REVIEWS

COULEUR DE ROSE

ESSAYS ON ART. By A. Clutton Brock. (Methuen. 5s. net.)

IT seemed to us a good thing that two books so unlike in their outward aspect as Mr. Wyndham Lewis's "Caliph's Design" and these essays of Mr. Clutton Brock should have appeared with so short an interval between them. Probably, both authors would resist the collocation. Mr. Lewis would not like to be seen with Mr. Brock, and Mr. Brock would (less violently) avoid Mr. Lewis's company.

Far be it from us to play gooseberry, or, in language more proper to the time, to lend our benevolent offices to establish a *modus vivendi* between them. Life is not lived in that ideal city in whose corner café we have placed them together over a heap of saucers for which Mr. Brock, as the older man, will pay; and we, alas! are not in reality, as we are sometimes in dream, the *patron* of that airy caravanserai. Mr. Lewis will scowl at Mr. Brock, and Mr. Brock will disapprove of Mr. Lewis; and probably they will unite only for one frenzied moment in which our benevolent head is broken for its pains.

Yet we approve of them both. Are we then Laodicean? Do we blow hot and cold in a breath? No, for we disagree with them both. But in both we find—somewhat to our surprise, we confess—a real and impassioned concern for things about which concern must be impassioned or not felt at all. We observe the difference in tone with which they speak, but for a moment the observation is lost, in the thrill of satisfaction with which we hear the words they say: *Ecrasez l'infâme*. If Mr. Lewis is vitriolic, Mr. Brock is at least vehement; we have no doubt that they mean what they say when these words fall from their lips. To mean what you say is half the battle won, if you aim at conquering our sympathies.

Ecrasons l'infâme, then. Down with humbug! There is enough work for a lifetime here without pausing to break each other's head. Let us make people like what they like, instead of pretending to like what they cannot possibly like. That is the essential preliminary to making them like what we like. Mr. Lewis and Mr. Brock are bowling at the same ninepins. We prefer Mr. Lewis's technique. There is a quickness about his shot which is like the already legendary punch of Carpentier. Mr. Brock is not so swift, but he can keep it up longer, and he has some effective methods of his own.

But, as for the craftsman, there is nothing sacred about his work; it is sold in a shop and made to be sold; and all we expect of it is that it shall be in the fashion, which means that it shall be what the commercial traveller thinks he can sell. There are, of course, a few craftsmen who are thought of as artists, and their work at once becomes a sacred mystery like pictures. They, too, have a right to be as silly as they like; and some people will buy their work, however silly it may be, as they would buy pictures—that is to say, for the good of their souls and not because they like it.

Mr. Lewis would not have been guilty of the insincerity of that "we"; and Mr. Brock, who has no conviction of sin in this matter, would have done better to refrain from saying "All we like sheep have gone astray." Besides, it is silly for a sheep-dog to lisp instead of barking.

But the habit of intoning is hard to break, even though you are engaged in smiting the Philistine; and we fear that the echo of an unctuous reverberation will dull the effect of many of the excellent things that Mr. Brock has to say. When the things are not so excellent it drowns them altogether. And it must be confessed that for half his time in the pulpit Mr. Brock is saying less excellent things. So did Mr. Lewis on his tub. But Mr. Brock is our main business here. And Mr. Brock tells us very often that it is all quite easy.

Now we do not for one moment wish to jeer or sneer at Mr. Brock for pointing us to the way of salvation. If he has found it, it is his duty. But to tell us that it is so easy is to invite a challenge, because we have looked for it ourselves. We know Mr. Brock's dream. Have we not dreamed it ourselves? The Magic Flute will play, and the spirits of evil and pain will goose-step backward out of life. There will be beauty and loveliness and love in men's souls and in the world. It is a dream that has broken many hearts, and will break many more before the race of dreamers has perished from the earth. We are on the side of those who dream these things; they are our friends. But we require more of our friends than of our enemies; we require that they should acknowledge that their dream is only a dream.

Mr. Brock will not acknowledge this, and in this we hold he is not honest. The honest man must choose between two things: either he must declare that this world in which we live is a dream, and that the Kingdom of Heaven, the land of the Magic Flute, is real; or he must say that these are a dream and that the world in which we live is real. And he may not point to a way of escape in the saying that has echoed in so many hearts: that the Kingdom of Heaven is within you, for that only means that the Kingdom of Heaven is a dream. Men may live by dreams, it is true, and we pity the man who has no dream of beauty or love to live by. But to project the dream on to the real is a lie—a beautiful, generous lie, no doubt, but a lie in the soul, and one with which the founder of the religion to which Mr. Brock would have us return disdained to compromise.

Unlike that great exemplar, Mr. Brock supplies the place of candour with cleverness—unconsciously, to be sure. Mr. Brock persuades himself. Listen to him:

"So long as human nature is what it is there will always be war." Those who talk thus think of nature as something not ourselves making for unrighteousness. It is not their own nature. They know that they themselves do not wish for war; but, looking at mankind in the mass and leaving themselves out of that mass, they see it governed by some force that is not really human nature, but merely nature "red in tooth and claw," a process become a malignant goddess, who forces mankind to act contrary to their own desires, contrary even to their own interests. She has taken the place for us of the old original sin; and the belief in her is far more primitive than the belief in original sin. She is, in fact, but a modern name for all the malignant idols that savages have worshipped with sacrifices of blood and tears that they did not wish to make. It is strange that, priding ourselves as we do on our modern scepticism which has taught us to disbelieve in the miracle of the Gadarene swine, we yet have not dared to affirm the plain fact that this nature, this human nature, does not exist. There is no force, no process, whether within us or outside us, that compels us to act contrary to our desires and our interests. There is nothing but fear; and fear can be conquered, as by individuals, so by the collective will of man.

There is no collective human nature, but there is a collective human will. No, no, no, Mr. Brock. You must accept both, or deny both. To juggle one out of existence and the other into it is disingenuous, as you will confess if you try to examine this collective will upon which you rest the hope of humanity. Is it a good will or a bad one? If it is a bad one, is it not "something not ourselves making for unrighteousness"? If it is a good one, where are its works? Look for them in the abyss of 1914-18 and tell us what you see, not what you dream.

But what, it may be asked, has all this to do with art? We answer: Everything. Mr. Brock is not irrelevant. He desires to change the attitude of the public towards art, and he knows that this is linked up with the attitude of the public to other more immediate things. You cannot *écraser l'infâme* in a single corner of men's minds. Humbug in art is inseparably bound up with humbug in thought and in life, if only for the reason that the foundation of art is an attitude to life. Mr. Brock's impulse is profoundly right, and we should like to believe that it is because of

this that he has attained to a popularity that is seldom the lot of the writer in the periodical press. But honesty compels us to suggest an alternative. It may be because Mr. Brock is less disturbing than he sounds, less disturbing by far than he ought to be; it may be because the only way to make *Ecrasez l'infâme* as popular as "Hang the Hun" is ostentatiously to put on your rose-coloured spectacles when you go out to look for the enemy.

WORKING WOMEN IN SEVEN REIGNS

WORKING LIFE OF WOMEN IN THE SEVENTEENTH CENTURY. By Alice Clark. (Routledge. 10s. 6d. net.)

THE elder historians thought nothing too trivial for record which concerned kings, queens and battles; the modern research student is of the same mind about details of the common life of common people. Sometimes they are both right, and sometimes their creed results in chronicles of tedious dullness. But their varied outlook on life, and their consequent raids upon State Papers, treaties, official correspondence, diaries, town records, manor rolls and other documents of infinitesimal dignity, do result at least in the complete utilization of such records. Like the hen and the jewel merchant watching smuggled pearls being sifted from grains of corn, they applaud the process, disputing only as to what is the treasure, what the residue to be rejected. A third claimant has lately appeared, collecting first the hitherto unnoticed relics of the division, and then demanding her share from each of the earlier comers, so that she may piece together some story of women's life in the past. However diligent the student in collecting material, however remarkable the talent with which she arranges, explains and exhibits her mosaic, the story of Jill will never be so complete or so convincing as the story of Jack and his Master. But it is worth making, not only for its own sake, but for its value in correcting or amplifying the histories which have concerned themselves so exclusively with the male half of humanity.

Miss Clark has chosen for herself the life of women in the seventeenth century; her work is in some sense a continuation of the pioneer researches of Mary Bateson, and in another an introductory chapter to Miss B. L. Hutchins's "Women in Modern Industry." The period chosen presents unusual difficulty to the investigator, and Miss Clark's point of view in taking as its characteristic movement the increasing capitalization of industry leads her to ignore other influences which had even more importance in changing women's industrial status during this century. She sees women under Elizabeth leading comparatively free lives, largely concerned in directing domestic industry, regarded as the partners of their husbands in skilled crafts and in trading operations, freely practising one of the most lucrative branches of the medical profession, and after the Restoration "a profound change in the character of women," their increasingly rigid exclusion from trades requiring apprenticeship, and their economic dependence resulting from the supersession of "family industry" by industrialism and the decreasing importance of domestic industries and manufactures.

Some of this change was, no doubt, due to capitalization of industry, but war, pestilence, civil strife and social changes resulting from the recent dissolution of religious communities were not without their part in it. It may be doubted whether capitalization made such great strides in the seventeenth century as is here claimed. In agriculture, at all events, the Open Field system, with its community tillage and common land, continued in force until well into the eighteenth century, and contemporary

critics attributed to its wastefulness and conservative methods the high prices and short supplies of food which caused so much distress in the bad harvest years of 1730-37. The years of enclosure had hardly begun, and the multitudes of paupers or cottagers whose sufferings are related seem in many cases to have been poor families deprived of their bread-winners by the terribly destructive plagues of 1603, 1625 and 1665, and in others, small yeoman farmers who had left their holdings in the hope of doing better near large towns, or at the worst receiving the poor relief which made idleness more profitable than agricultural work. The early years of the century were years of abnormally high prices, owing to the heavy imports of silver and defective national finance; but the latter part of the period shows a marked rise in real wages, and it was the farmers, capitalists in a small way, who were described as "living worse than in Bridewell." In truth, this century, with its recurring visitations of plague, its Civil War, its Dutch and Spanish Wars, its Great Fire, can hardly be said to show a marked progress in capitalization or in any other direction. It was remarkable for much Government interference in trade and industry, like that of our own time well-meant, but often inept; and the population sitting among the ruins of an old order based on family industry, and watching the slow growth of industrialism, suffered from the ills of both systems. In this state of chaos women, whose interests always lie in a settled order of society, fared badly. They lost, as Miss Clark shows, the dignified position occupied by them when they supervised industries carried on in their own homes by daughters and hired women servants; they lost also much of the recognition formerly given by Trade Guilds to wives or widows of their members, and no new rights of apprenticeship recompensed them for the informal instruction in trade mysteries which was available when skilled crafts were carried on in their own homes. On the other hand, they received in periods of good trade higher money wages than they could have obtained under the old conditions, a point which is made by Miss B. L. Hutchins in the statement that, "though the growth of capital may have seriously affected the position of the male craftsman, it seems not impossible that the position of women may have been improved by the opportunity of work for wages outside the home."

Whether Miss Clark has proved her thesis or no, she has made available to the general reader and the student of economics a mass of material not easily accessible otherwise, and has thrown a great deal of light on a field of history obscure in spite of, perhaps because of, its wealth of documentary material. She has faced the difficult task of presenting a fair sample of her evidence, and has come well out of that searching trial, though reflection would no doubt cause her to admit that on occasion she has read more into her authorities than is quite admissible. Can we take it, for example, that a writer of Henry VII.'s time really "includes the wife's work among the necessary costs of making a loaf," when he allots to the miller fourpence for every quarter of wheat, and for the baker, "his house, his wife, his dog, and his catte seven pence"? It is one of the pitfalls of research to see one's subject hung on every bush, but occasional lapses of this kind add to the gaiety of the reader without lessening the value of the book. We must have some plums as a reward if we are to read as much economic history as is good for us. E. M. G.

Nuggets of gold, rattlesnakes, adventures in a fever-stricken valley out West, and an assault on an inn by a party of bandits are some of the attractions provided by May Wynne for the readers of NIPPER AND CO. (Stanley Paul, 218 pp., 3/6 net.)

AMERICAN CRITICISM

SCPTICISMS: NOTES ON CONTEMPORARY POETRY. By Conrad Aiken. (New York, Knopf.)

PREJUDICES. First Series. By H. L. Mencken. (New York, Knopf. \$2.)

IT seems absurd that in a city of seven million inhabitants, a city through which one could march a whole day and never see an end of bricks and mortar—it seems absurd that here in a metropolis one should feel as though one were living in the close, oppressive atmosphere of a cathedral town. And yet there are times when most people who have any dealings with the "literary world" must have felt thus. We live in a narrow world, peopled with private admirations, private spite and jealousies. One person's business is everybody else's business; the sound of gossip sizzles and simmers round the cathedral close like the confused and multitudinous crying of jackdaws on a summer evening. Our metropolitan deanery is like that charming village of which we have recently been hearing in a certain much-reported case, where "you couldn't stir without having an anonymous letter." Here too you can't stir with impunity; set pen to paper, and the reviews come thick and fast. The gossip of criticism never holds its tongue: X has given birth to an epic, but it is said to have the rickets; Y's last three children are prettier than Z's; A's Muse, in her younger days, had an affair with Browning, and so on. The worst of this critical gossip is that it is not simply spoken into private ears; it is shouted abroad through the megaphones of the press. It is a nightmarish place, our deanery; if only one could get away, far away, somewhere else!

But where? One would only be exchanging one jackdaw-haunted close for another. Certainly, America possesses, safe amidst the hubbub, its own snug little cathedral town of poetry. Mr. Aiken inhabits it, and here, in the pages of "Scepticisms," he retails some of the gossip of the place. Mr. Aiken's gossip is amusing enough; we like hearing about Miss Lola Ridge and Mr. Sandburg, about Amy Lowell and Alfred Kreymborg. But, as Mr. Aiken himself points out in his delightfully frank introductory essay, a critic really speaks only of himself and is only interesting in what he reveals about himself. Mr. Aiken is not quite a good enough talker; his gossip is entertaining, but he has not the knack of telling a story well, of putting an idea into a forcible and convincing form. A certain diffuseness—it is noticeable, but to a lesser degree, in his poetry—takes the edge and point off what he says; a fact that is the more regrettable, since we believe his psychological methods of criticism to be fundamentally sound and fruitful. People cannot expect to be listened to with a pleased attention if they give utterance to sentences like this: "A great variety of intellectual energies has been simultaneously catalyzed by a great variety of stimuli, and the result inevitably has been chaos." Mr. Aiken has a terrible weakness for this kind of sentence and for long, pseudo-scientific words such as "holophrastic" and "synæsthetically," which do much to take the life and meaning out of his criticism. This diffuseness of style and the cathedral-towniness of matter that makes his criticism read as though it were gossip combine to make Mr. Aiken's book less readable than, from its many merits, it should be.

In Mr. Mencken's pages we breathe a more bracing air. We are out of the close now, high up on the tower surveying mankind from China to Peru, or, to be more accurate, from New York to San Francisco.

Mr. Mencken turns a pair of very civilized eyes on the extraordinary and fantastic spectacle which is contemporary American life. It passes before him, a circus parade—vast ponderous elephants, lions, shy gazelles, apes, performing horses—and he comments upon it, laughingly, in that

brilliant, masterfully vulgar style of which he knows the strange secret. All the animals interest him, graceful and ugly alike, noble and repulsive; but by preference he lingers, fascinated no doubt by the fabulous grotesqueness of their swollen shapes, among the solemn mammoths of stupidity, mountain-bodied and mouse-brained, slow-moving, prehistoric. They exist everywhere, these monsters; but it is surely in America that they reach their greatest growth. Puritanism there swells into Comstockism; our harmless little European uplift becomes a sinister, rapacious philanthropic beast; religions pullulate, strange and improbable as the saurians of the Mesozoic age. Mr. Mencken contemplates them with a civilized man's astonishment and horror, then sets his pen in rest and charges upon them. His pen is sharp, his aim unerring, and the punctured monsters collapse with a dolorous whistling of escaping gas. It is a wonderful display. Admiring his skill, one thinks of what Dryden said of himself in his Essay on Satire: "There is still a vast difference between the slovenly butchering of a man and the fineness of a stroke that separates the head from the body and leaves it standing in its place. A man may be capable, as Jack Ketch's wife said of his servant, of a plain piece of work, a bare hanging; but to make a malefactor die sweetly was only belonging to her husband." Mr. Mencken is a worthy apprentice of this great Jack Ketch of literature. Of all his performances, perhaps the most brilliantly conducted is his execution of Professor Doctor Thorstein Veblen, author of "The Theory of the Leisure Class" and "The Higher Learning in America." Professor Veblen is almost too good to be true. He is a Great Thinker who teaches us that we have lawns round our houses because we are "the descendants of a pastoral people inhabiting a region with a humid climate," and that we do not keep cows on these lawns "because a herd of cattle so pointedly suggests thrift and economy," and we, being members of the Leisured Class, have a feudal contempt for thrift. Mr. Mencken, it may be imagined, deals with Veblenism as it deserves; but when one has laughed over Veblen and the other monsters at which he goes a-tilting, one begins to wonder whether, after all, the thing is not too easy. The monsters of America are so undisguisedly monstrous that it is not hard to recognize them and with a hunter's eye to mark out their vulnerable spots. But here in Europe the monstrosity of the dragons is not always quite so obvious. They appear in distinguished traditional shapes, in lions' skins, or winged with the plumes of eagles. The eye must be sharp indeed that can detect at a glance the true nature of the beasts. We should like to see if Mr. Mencken's critical gift served him as well in an older, more intellectually sophisticated world, where the circus parade of life and letters, though perhaps equally grotesque, is grotesque in a different way from the transatlantic spectacle. In any case, we should welcome his appearance among us here; for we have sore need of critics who hate humbug, who are not afraid of putting out their tongues at pretentiousness however noble an aspect it may wear, who do not mind being vulgar at need, and who, finally, know not only how to make us think, but how to make us laugh as well.

A. L. H.

THE Council of the British Academy has awarded the Rose Mary Crawshay Prize for English Literature (of the value of £100) to Miss Mary Paton Ramsay for her work on Donne, entitled "Les Doctrines Médiévales chez Donne." Miss Ramsay is a graduate of the University of Aberdeen and Doctor of the University of Paris. The Rose Mary Crawshay Prize is awarded annually to a woman of any nationality who, in the judgment of the Council of the British Academy, has written or published within three years next preceding the date of the award an historical or critical work of sufficient value on any subject connected with English literature.

THE CAREER OF LAMENNAIS

AUTHORITY IN THE MODERN STATE. By Harold J. Laski. (Yale University Press. 12s. 6d. net.)

THE portrait of the Abbé Félicité de Lamennais prefixed to Gibson's biography shows a thin, keen face, flanked by *pattes de lièvre*, which might well be that of one of Napoleon's Marshals. The resemblance was not an outward one only. Lamennais, little as he may have known it, was, like Balzac, delirious all his days with the fever of the Empire; he was a spiritual Ney, charging battle-fronts of doctrine as his prototype charged the squares on Mont St. Jean. When his final condemnation was made public in the Encyclical "Singulari Nos," Metternich, M. Dudon tells us, "confia au nonce de Vienne, Ostini, que la nouvelle lettre apostolique lui agréait fort." It reminded him, no doubt, of Waterloo.

It is, indeed, in the *idées Napoléoniennes* that we find the key to the whole career of Lamennais. He has been called the father of modern Ultramontanism, but, as Friedrich, the historian of the Vatican Council, perceived, even that paternity belongs to Napoleon. It was the Concordat of 1801, empowering Pius VII. to raze the French Church to the ground, as he might have demolished some ancient basilica in Rome, that founded the latter-day Vatican monarchy. That the Emperor should afterwards for his own ends have sought to impose upon the new Church he and the Pope had created the State fetters worn by the Church they had destroyed was bound to be looked on as an inconsequence. It was so regarded by Lamennais, who found Napoleon's Bourbon imitators even more intolerable as spiritual directors. He learned to see in the annihilation of the Church of the *ancien régime*, with its swollen revenues, its Prince Bishops, and its Gallican servitude to the Crown, the bursting of bonds and the promise of fruitful expansion. It was from the Empire he really derived his Liberal Catholicism, as Louis Napoleon his Liberal political creed. As the latter read into his uncle's testament the plébiscite and the principle of nationalities, so Lamennais deduced from it the separation of Church and State and the liberty of conscience and discussion. But there is a saying that not one of the three seems ever to have pondered: "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

To Mr. Laski—whose book on "Authority in the Modern State" is at the same time a study on authority in the Church—the sentence passed by the Papacy on Lamennais is "the first step on the road which led, first through the Syllabus of 1864 and the definition of papal infallibility, and later through the condemnation of Modernism in the 'Pascendi,' to the proclamation of war on the basis of modern society by Rome." It would be pleasant to see in Lamennais a simple martyr to the ideal of "ordered liberty," a prophet who taught that the Church could join hands with democracy, and that Catholics need no weapons to win their converts but a love of mankind and the right to be heard with their rivals. That, unluckily, is but one half of the gospel of Lamennais. The other half, the product of a mind incorrigibly Latin and authoritarian, is: "Sois mon frère, ou je t'excommunie!" Lamennais did not turn to the Papacy as the natural ally against Erastianism only. There was a great deal more in his Ultramontanism. The Pope, in the philosophy of the "Essai sur l'Indifférence," is the infallible mouthpiece of the redeemed human race. It is for him to speak and the individual to hearken; the part has no possible rights against the whole. Individuals cannot reach certainty at all without the assistance of the collective mind, whose consent is the one criterion of truth. The issue of this is, of course, a rigorous theocracy and a frank return to Hildebrandine ideals.

A theorist who thus appealed to Gregory VII. had no retort to Gregory XVI.

In candid moments Lamennais did not deny this fact. He did not in his heart echo those of his partisans who declared the "Mirari Vos," the first condemnation of his system, a corrupt political deal, the price exacted from Gregory by the Tsar for help in subduing the rebels of the Romagna. He would have been as just to the Pope as he was to the Jesuits when he wrote of them: "Nous croyons que la domination à laquelle aspire la Compagnie de Jésus est celle du Catholicisme; mais elle veut que cette domination soit son œuvre presque exclusive." The Pope was as fervid a Catholic as Lamennais, but he had his own system and meant to adhere to it. The Vatican detests adventures. It is always for small, safe gains, tenaciously clung to—for cautious investments yielding rapid returns. The "Red Cap on the Cross" was a chimæra; the *ancien régime*, as revived by the Congress of Vienna, offered solid benefits if it asked a high price for them. And if the Abbé de Lamennais annoyed its diplomatists, the Abbé de Lamennais must be made to recant. His doctrine was elaborately sheared in half. The revolutionary element was discarded; the Ultramontane maxims were carefully preserved. In the honest *bourgeois* Veuillot, with his wit and shrewdness the genius of the commonplace, the Vatican found the safe man it required. He fought its battles to the issue demanded of him, but he did not deny his debt to Lamennais.

There appears something harsh, though the harshness was reluctant, in the steps by which Lamennais, after many real sacrifices, was driven to the wall of an unreserved submission. *Simple, absolue, illimitée*, was the Papal vocabulary. He gave up his paper *L'Avenir*, he disbanded his international association, the Agence Catholique; he could no longer compromise the Church by his doctrines. He might surely have been left a personal democrat. He himself complained, when his political tract, "Paroles d'un Croyant," was censured, that his bare civic rights were being wrung from him. But he had long ago sunk those civic rights in the all-embracing despotism he advocated. And his true quarrel with Rome was not that Rome was despotic, but that it did not exercise the right kind of despotism. He had always pressed to have his opponents condemned. "They that take the sword shall perish by the sword."

The English Nonjuror Law once pertinently asked a polemical bishop: "Is a limited, conditional government in the State such a wise, excellent, and glorious institution? And is the same authority in the Church such absurdity, nonsense, and nothing at all as to any actual power?" Mr. Laski, we take it, would answer "No" to this question, but Lamennais would have judged that answer absurd. Long after he had become "the apostate" we find him declaring: "Qu'est-ce qu'un corps religieux, une puissance ecclésiastique, si elle n'est pas revêtue d'infaillibilité? Rien, absolument rien." *Simple, absolue, illimitée*, he also moved in that circle to the end.

He was the gentlest of apostates, who hardly knew quite how he had come to apostatize. The "hatred" with which Renan charges him he reserved for the oppressors of the people. He did not retort upon the "Mirari Vos" with the vitriolic fury of some of the victims of "Pascendi." The "Affaires de Rome," his apologia, is a work of noble charity and restraint. He died unreconciled, and his epitaph was spoken in the cry of his brother, the Abbé Jean de Lamennais, "Féli, Féli, mon frère!" There was no more to say. But though he never came back to the body of the Church, he had never, we feel, gone out from the soul of it.

D. L. M.

JAPANESE POETRY FOR BEGINNERS

JAPANESE POETRY: THE UTA. By Arthur Waley. (Oxford, Clarendon Press. 6s. 6d. net.)

CHANCE, a manifestation of the Divine which has engrossed both moralists and mathematicians, will throw in our way, among other exotic puzzling waifs, from time to time a poetry-book from the Far East. Profiting by such capricious opportunities, we receive, despite the blurring, discoloration and distortion of translation even the ablest, impressions the more plain that they are stamped on our ignorance of the subject as on virgin clay. And from these emerge a few conclusions which we may hold confidently. In the first place, it is clear that to so many of these Eastern poets may be severally applied the definition given by Théophile Gautier of himself: "un homme pour qui le monde extérieur existe"; and their senses respond to the world outside themselves with a delicacy and precision undreamed of by that voluptuous Romantique. Again, the lyrical form as practised by them presents an elimination of certain ponderous elements of which there are few spontaneous instances in Western verse, outside Folk-Song; a sublimation commonly found in Heine, and occurring, but always, we think, in a qualified form, in Verlaine; and characteristic of no other European poet we can name. It is most immediately apparent in the transition from one poetic moment to another, and may be conveniently illustrated by the lines of the anonymous Lover:

O western wind, when wilt thou blow
That the small rain down can rain?
Christ, that my love were in my arms
And I in my bed again!

Folk-Song would provide abundant examples of this lyrical manner, a fact conducive to more speculation than our present leisure would contain.

We are uncertain as to the essential points of difference between Japanese and Chinese lyric poetry; but we suspect that it is to the former the above remarks chiefly apply; we conceive the latter to manifest a less exquisitely defined sensibility, to expand more indolently in the heats of sentiment, to display more violence at the crisis of emotion.

Approaching Mr. Waley's book with a simplicity mitigated only by some such considerations as the above, we find him using his incalculable advantage with all possible leniency. He comes not halfway, but all the way to meet an intelligent ignorance. He is instructive without severity; he is learned, but affable. The transliteration and translation of the poems is preceded by an Introduction, a Bibliography, and by Grammar Notes; for Mr. Waley has designed his book with a view to facilitate study of the Japanese text; which may be appreciated in the transliterated form, he considers, after a few months' work; though the further advance to the enjoyment of the native text will involve the effort of learning, among other things, "some (perhaps about 600) of the commoner Chinese characters": a remark our anthologist lets fall almost carelessly. There is a vocabulary at the end of the book, and well-chosen information both in the Introduction and in notes appended to the poems. Nowhere, however, can we find—what even students so desultory as ourselves had reason to look for—instruction as to the position of stress in Japanese words, and more generally as to the rhythmical quality of Japanese poetry.

Mr. Waley is undoubtedly correct in saying that "Japanese poetry can only be rightly enjoyed in the original"; but we confess that, however wrongly, we have enjoyed his translations very much indeed. They

have, we think, every indispensable quality of good literal translation—especially a kind of negative rhythmical and tone value, and distinction of vocabulary without a trace of preciousness or squeamishness. The poems are chosen from the anthologies called the "Manyō Shū" ("Ten-thousand-Leaves Collection"), the "Kokin Shū" ("Ancient and Modern Collection"), and from minor collections. Their form is chiefly that of the five-line Uta, of thirty-one syllables. (In order to economize space, we print the quotations from Mr. Waley's book with double colons to mark the line-units.)

The first poem in the book is by a woman. It is worthy of a princess of the undemocratized regions of romance, and its author is in fact the Princess Daihaku. She asks: How will you manage: To cross alone: The autumn mountain: Which was so hard to get across: Even when we went the two of us together?

At the time when this poem was written (the seventh century) our own poets were uttering their emotions in some such hoarse strains as those of the "Wife's Complaint." The difference leaps to the eye; but it is superficial compared with that which marks off in another respect Japanese poetry from European poetry previous to the late eighteenth century. For the sex-relation brings about emotional crises at all times all the world over; but until the romantic revival there is with us scarcely an instance of the intimate, conscious, constant and absorbing personal relation to nature implied almost everywhere in these lyrics. Tsurayuki (883-946 A.D.), a poet remarkable for exquisite responsiveness to impressions even in this company, sings:

On summer nights: When I wonder "shall I go to bed"? :
At a single note sung: By the cuckoo, : Dawn suddenly breaks!

Extreme susceptibility to sense-stimuli results for them at times in a haunted, haunting vision, focussing about a vivid shape or a splash of colour or sound, as in this poem of Tsurayuki's contemporary, the Emperor Uda:

I thought that the white-crane standing there was a wave unable to go back, driven by the wind which blows towards the river-shore.

But it is time that reader and reviewer returned to their several reflections, to shape them as they may about this conclusion of the seventeenth-century poet Tagaya Masahiro:

As for this world—: Would that I had the heart: : Of the sea-gull who has learnt to sleep alone: : Amid the turmoil of the waves!

F. W. S.

THE NATIONALIZATION OF KNOWLEDGE

ADULT EDUCATION COMMITTEE (MINISTRY OF RECONSTRUCTION): FINAL REPORT. (Stationery Office. 1s. 9d. net.)

TOWARDS the extension of educational facilities there are only two logical attitudes. The first accompanies a "caste" philosophy of society, and it denies education to the poor on the ground that it will only unsettle those whom Providence has called to manual service. The lower ranks, in the words of Hannah More, should only receive instruction that will "show the poor how immediately dependent they are upon the rich." This creed has at least the merit of simplicity, but it is past all hope of revival. Whether we like it or not, the idea of democracy has come to stay; and consequently we must adopt the second attitude, which involves a complete communism of ideas. Not only does democracy logically and morally imply equality of opportunity; but from the standpoint also of pure expedience a division of knowledge must accompany a division of power. To set up the political machinery of people's power and to withhold its educational basis is worse than a blunder: it is a crime.

THE MODERN LANGUAGE REVIEW

THE October number of the *Modern Language Review* (Cambridge University Press, 5s. net) is perhaps a little too much overshadowed by the eternal Hamlet problem. Mr. E. L. Ferguson writes a short monograph on the play scene. Mr. Greg contributes two articles: one of them a reply to an earlier article by Mr. Dover Wilson on the subject of Hamlet and the Ghost, and the other on "Hamlet Texts and Recent Work in Shakespearian Bibliography." The last-named article is an interesting summary of recent Shakespearian researches, in which the author shows how important a part is played in modern criticism by purely bibliographical studies. He justly insists on the fact that the publication in 1909 of Mr. A. W. Pollard's "Shakespeare Folios and Quartos" marked "the opening of a new era in Shakespearian studies." To the amateur bibliographical studies tend to appear somewhat dull; but it is well to realize that they are often very fruitful in results.

Emerging from Hamlet, we find an interesting article by Mr. Sarma on "Two Minor Critics of the Age of Pope"—Gildon and Welsted. Professor Zachrisson writes a philological article on the origin of certain English names. Miss Le Duc discusses "The Pastoral Theme in French Literature in the Fourteenth and Fifteenth Centuries." Miscellaneous notes and reviews complete the number.

With the January issue the *Review* will enter upon its fifteenth volume. In these hard times a scholarly journal finds some difficulty in even barely existing, and it is to be hoped that the *M. L. R.* may have the support of an increasing body of subscribers to enable it to go on fulfilling its task with increased efficiency. The literary or philological specialist has very few channels through which he can convey the results of his researches to even the very limited public interested in these studies. The *M. L. R.* is one of them. The articles published in its pages are all of a scholarly and specialized character; and an important feature of the paper is the publication of notes of literary and philological interest and inedited documents.

Owing to the great increase in the cost of production it has been found necessary to raise the price of the *Review*. The annual subscription will henceforth be 25s. We sincerely hope that this will not deter new subscribers from supporting the *M. L. R.* in its excellent scholarly work.

THE SICK LODGER

I heard her wailing hour by hour,
Then sobbing short and quick;
And never knew if 'twas her soul
Or body that was sick.

The wall between our bedrooms seemed
A flimsy paper sheet,
So keenly could I feel her pain
And hear her restless feet.

I wondered if I'd ever lose
The joy in life I had,
And have no work to keep me sane
Or love to send me mad,

But turn one day a nerveless lump
No earthly thing could rouse,
A piece of human furniture
Within a boarding-house.

JEAN GUTHRIE-SMITH.

Considerations such as these must have worked for unity in the very representative committee presided over by the Master of Balliol. For their final report is an agreed document of the first importance. It is important because recommendations signed by C. T. Cramp and Frank Hodges from the one side, and by Sir Graham Balfour and Sir Henry Jones from the other, must carry considerable weight with the Government and with the Board of Education. But it is far more important for its own merits as a historical review of past efforts towards universal education, and as the pronouncement of a far-reaching but sternly practical policy. The committee took the broad view of education. "By education we mean all the deliberate efforts by which men and women attempt to satisfy their thirst for knowledge, to equip themselves for their responsibilities as citizens and members of society or to find opportunities for self-expression." And again, "Life cannot be divided into compartments, one of which belongs to thought and the other to action. The test of education is not what children do in school, but what men and women do out of it." Consequently, the report covers wide ground. It warns the Universities that they are responsible to the nation as well as to themselves for the spread of knowledge, and lays down proposals for an extension of extra-mural teaching which shall be at once popular and scholarly; it shows how the existing voluntary educational bodies can assist and be assisted by the State and the Local Authority; and it discusses the problem of national self-expression through the arts and crafts. There are some interesting records of past achievement; and suggestions are made for the vitalizing of village life by the encouragement of every form of intellectual and spiritual activity. The report, in fact, is not an essay in the technicalities of educational administration; it is a comprehensive and engrossing essay in social theory.

Its opponents, besides the hard-shell Tory with his honest hatred of equality in any form, will be the root-and-branch economists. Lord Rothermere, for instance, has already been denouncing the Fisher Act on the ground of expense; and any further demands on the Exchequer for something deemed so trivial as education will certainly arouse the fury of so-called "practical" men. But the nation has to decide now or never whether it wants to make education "pay" any more than it makes the roads pay. It must, that is to say, decide on its scheme of values. In the end necessity will drive us to education; but, before that painful conscription comes, it were far better to accept the ideal voluntarily. The committee, which obviously owed much to the experience and the energy of its secretaries, Mr. Arthur Greenwood and Mr. E. S. Cartwright, has spoken strongly for drastic and immediate action. Though the Government may be suffering from chronic congestion of legislation, much can be done by the executive. Here is a policy for them.

I. B.

THE YOUNG FATHER

Your children have increased and grown,
Their youth is close upon your own;

And in your grave young days
You must be vigilant, and provide,
From your slight vantage praise and chide,
And guard them in their ways.

But secretly when your children sleep
You have another trust to keep,
You are yourself a child.

Experience from your spirit flies,
And fatherhood from your young eyes,
And your young heart is wild.

VIOLA MEYNELL.

IMAGERY

IMAGES. By Richard Aldington. ("The Egoist." 3s. 6d. net.)

IMAGES OF WAR. By Richard Aldington. (Allen & Unwin: 3s. 6d. net.)

JUST as "the East" may mean Omar Khayyâm, or austere porcelain, or the drawings of Mr. Dulac, or, indeed, almost anything else according to individual taste, so too "Greece," with its implication of nobility, nudity and antiquity, connotes a number of very different notions, which have in common only the nude. Meredith once wrote a poem called "The Teaching of the Nude," which tells how a Satyr spied a Goddess in her bath, and was so much chastened by the sight of immortal beauty that the enticements of common flesh left him merely disgusted. A

full-blown dame

In circle by the lusty friskers gripped . . .

. . . beckoned to our Satyr, and he came.

Then twirled she mounds of ripeness, wreath of arms.

His hoof kicked up the clothing for such charms.

But in actual practice the nude does not always teach this lesson. You may think of Greece in terms of the "Chansons de Bilitis" or "Aphrodite," as a place where politely practised vices were capable of yielding those "solid joys and lasting pleasures" of which the hymn makes promise. Or again there is the Swinburnian Greece, luscious, sultry, the Venusberg of a Northern imagination. Then there is the realistic mythology of Boecklin, where galloping Centaurs are caught in attitudes that only the instantaneous photograph reveals; and after it a whole procession of different Hellases, until finally we come to the peculiar brand of Hellas which belongs to Mr. Aldington.

Transposed from the ethical to the æsthetic sphere, Mr. Aldington's reaction to the nude is much the same as the Satyr's. Having looked upon the marmoreal beauty of the past, he is not attracted by the mounds of poetical ripeness which such poets as Swinburne and, conspicuously, Meredith himself twirl before our astonished eyes. Greece is for him a marble nakedness, hard and precise in outline, a definite, palpable beauty standing out against the muddled ugliness of the actual world. Camden Town is a place of filth; the Cyclades are warm and flowery: London cripples have eyes like frogs, but Hermes is beautiful. His poems are mostly variations on this simple theme: "O to be somewhere else, now that whatever season it may happen to be is here!" The trouble is that the theme is almost too simple—so simple that one soon has enough of it.

Mr. Aldington is very much more readable when he ceases to talk about Hellenic gods and places and things, and writes of himself, the dweller in Camden Town or the trenches, and not the bacchic spirit inhabiting an ancient world. "Images of War" is for this reason a more interesting book than "Images." Here he writes of facts as they happened, without referring his experience for comparison with classical standards.

Mr. Aldington's limitation of theme brings with it a limitation of stylistic resources. One has every sympathy with his desire to get away from lusciousness, prettiness and the tinkling cymbals of drawing-room verses; but the trouble is that the hard, naked technique he has evolved to express the nakedness of his ideas is an inflexible, unadaptable instrument. His poems always read a little as though they were versions of something in a dead language made by a scholar belonging to the second generation of translators after Butcher and Lang. The vocabulary is very small; the phraseology is that of the Bible tempered by the Greek Anthology. At its best this style can be simply and nobly beautiful, as in "Choricos." At its worst it is curiously flat and monotonous.

A MONTH IN ROME

A MONTH IN ROME. By André Maurel. Translated by Helen Gerard. (Putnam. \$1.75.)

M. MAUREL belongs to the class of traveller who can make each particular hair in the well-drilled moustache of an up-to-date young Italian bristle and stand on end. Not only does he think the unspeakable thing denounced by a long succession of writers ending with D'Annunzio, but he actually puts it into print—"from the first day I have seen Rome as a living museum." Remarks like this cause the young doctor or engineer to rub his hands with satisfaction on reading that an old palace is to be offered up to the spirit of industrialism or another not too necessary tram-line to plough a way through the Aurelian walls. At least this will be a forcible reminder that Rome is actually a city of the living; for M. Maurel writes of it almost as if it were a second Pompeii. It is true that he is writing a guide-book for short-term tourists like himself, but surely an eccentric traveller might be expected now and then to take some interest in the living Roman of to-day.

However, it is our business to take M. Maurel as we find him. His previous journeys have, he tells us, been little more than a preparation for this month in Rome, where he wishes to be considered "a simple pilgrim, interested only in impressions." The buildings speak to him as they stand before him. "Imagination is as necessary to travellers as acquaintances." But he means the imagination that can restore the ruins to their original state, he tells us, not the imagination that can repeople them. Yet for the tourist who is so fortunate as to be able to make a long stay in Rome, and thus obtain some knowledge of its inexhaustible history, the dim periods of the late empire and the early Middle Ages will gradually acquire an interest and a meaning that fascinate by their very remoteness. He will find himself attracted as much by Gregory the Great as by Cæsar, and will soon be eagerly searching for the towers of the old fighting ruling families like the Savelli or the Frangipani, the Colonna or the Orsini.

We readily admit that M. Maurel is a valuable and interesting travelling companion when we are in the mood for him. We share the thrill of his pursuit of Domenichino and his works in every quarter of the city, and we enjoy the story of his life. We gladly follow him through the museums and churches, and we drink in all he has to tell us about his impressions. He is at his best when discussing art and architecture—in his remarks upon Gothic in Italy, for instance, and above all in his numerous disquisitions upon the Baroque, as in his description of the wonderful Baroque garden of the Villa Albani:

The style of these gardens has its part in the general conception. You can see that its essential relation to the house was in the mind of the architect who designed the whole. These flat stripes have reference not only to the lines of the villa, but in correspondence with its ceilings and its hangings. It is a way of understanding Nature peculiar to this country. Those who think that they see a model garden at Versailles are much mistaken.

And this is how the pictures in Rome strike him:

At bottom princely Rome cared comparatively little for pictures. Florence, Venice, Milan, with their museums, Genoa with its palaces, tell us plainly enough what a great noble could do when he loved the arts. . . . To the Roman prince painting was not an art to be enjoyed intimately, but exclusively a decoration, a matter related to the walls which should add to the splendour of his palace, particularly to the kind of splendour he demanded of it, bold, striking, attracting universal attention.

Also we enjoy an occasional meeting with Chateaubriand, and even with Rabelais, and we like the little map at the head of each chapter with our daily task clearly marked upon it. But decidedly we should want other company beside M. Maurel during a stay of a month in Rome.

L. C.-M.

THE PLAIN AND THE ADORNED

THE OUTLAW. By Maurice Hewlett. (Constable. 6s. net.)

EVANDER. By Eden Phillpotts. (Grant Richards. 6s. net.)

"THE OUTLAW" is the fifth volume of Mr. Hewlett's "Sagas Retold." It is the story of how one Gisli, a quiet, peace-loving man, was forced for honour's sake to take part in quarrels that were not his, to fight other people's battles, and to waste all the strength and resourcefulness of his manhood in escaping from his enemies. For a long time he is successful, but there is one foe—and that is a spear called Grayflanks—from whom there is no hiding, and he comes to a tragic end. This spear had been fashioned out of a sword that was taken away from its lawful owner and used against him, and so there was a curse upon it.

Perhaps, according to Norse ideas, it was not enough that a man should live snugly and peacefully as Gisli desired to do with his wife Aud. And yet he was by no means an idle man. Even in his very young days he was "forever at work, building, smithying, quarrying, timber-felling." When Norway got too hot to hold his family he made a great ship and took them to Iceland, and, once there, he it was who built a fine roomy house for them all. We should have supposed that there was place and to spare for such a man in a world of fighters, but he made the fatal mistake of asking no credit for what he did, and "as for his temper—it was perfect." It was, doubtless, this last characteristic that egged them on against him, for a perfect temper is as aggravating to witness as a fire that burns brisk and quiet, never needing the bellows or the poker, never roaring away and setting us at defiance or—reduced to a melancholy flutter—imploping our aid.

In reconstructing the ancient story Mr. Hewlett has chosen to couch it in a style of great simplicity. He explains in a prefatory note that his version is based on a literal translation published in 1869 and a dramatic version published some thirty years later. "I have added nothing to the substance, and have left out many of the accidents, including (without exception) all the bad verses." We cannot help wishing that he had been a great deal more lenient with himself—that he had added materially to the substance and included a number of good verses. For the tale, as it stands, is so exceedingly plain, and the fights, murders, escapes and pursuits described upon so even a breath, that it is hard to believe the great, more than life-size dolls minded whether they were hit over the head or not. It is as though one hero deals another a tremendous blow that sends him crashing down like a tree, and as he dies he says: "This is a bad day for me." And the murderer replies: "And for me, too," and goes off to tell his wife:

"So-and-so is dead."

"Did you kill him?"

"Yes."

"Well!" said she, and her face got red.

This is, of course, an exaggeration, but there are passages in "The Outlaw" which are very nearly as bald.

There is no doubt that the very large number of words of one syllable help to keep the tone low. They have a curious effect upon the reader. He finds himself, as it were, reading aloud, spelling out the tale, and this is helped by such sentences as: "He was quiet, shy, what we call a dark horse." That "we" seems to belong to a god-like world of pastors and masters who are explaining the dark horse to us for the very first time. The story itself is full of incident, but it moves us as little as a pageant without music or colour. True, we cannot expect these huge heroes, with their peaked helmets, their heavy shields and spears, to break into a dance; but were the horns of warm wine never tossed down to a vocal accom-

paniment, or did the ladies never sing as they served? Even in the account of the great game upon the ice our chief impression is of the solemnity of the participants rather than their skill.

From these lean days we turn to the days full of fatness described in Mr. Eden Phillpotts' new book, "Evander." The scene is Italy, and the time—perhaps the early spring of every year. Not the wild, boisterous early spring that leaps over the winter fields in England, but early spring in the South, and if we were not too timid to say so—in the heart of man. There is a moment when, stepping into the air, we are conscious that the earth is young again and glittering with little flowers and streams and laughter; our soul flies out of its hiding-place, looking for a play-fellow, and it refuses to be nourished any longer upon serious foods. It wants to be talked to in the language of Fancy, and it fully expects a song or a dance, or at least a few verses, in the course of the smallest conversation. Modern writers for whom a new exercise-book means perform a new novel look with a cold eye upon the creature while it is in this giddy state of exuberance, and refuse to give it their attention until it has sobered down; but Mr. Phillpotts has taken exquisite pity on it, and provided a *festa* where those superfluous and enchanting things for which it hungers are given their rightful importance.

The story is simple. Livia, the daughter of a peculiarly engaging washerwoman, is married to a young woodman, Festus. One day while she was carrying his dinner she stopped in the forest, playing with the *panisci*, and she was attacked by wolves. The tiny creatures, who realized they would get no more little honey-cakes if she was eaten, urged her to call upon Apollo to save her. And in a moment the God of Light appeared, marvellously beautiful, frightened off the animals, and rescued her. But when she explained to him that she really didn't worship him at all—that before her marriage she had worshipped Venus, and since she had adopted her husband's god, Bacchus—he was extremely offended, and commanded her to tell her husband that he expected both of them to worship him in future, and "if you would hear more concerning me, command my servant, Evander, to your humble board." This last piece of advice nearly proved the undoing of Livia, for she found Evander so attractive that, after making Festus's life a perfect misery, she ran away with him. Evander was an intellectual. Young, ardent, not unlike Apollo in looks, a great talker, and a man held in high esteem by the village people for his learning and his dignified behaviour, he was nevertheless as cold-hearted as a trout and totally lacking in a sense of humour. Livia bore with him as long as she could, then she escaped, and swimming across the lake returned to her aged mother's cottage. This so infuriated Apollo that he set forth to kill her, but Bacchus, to whom Festus had explained the whole situation, waylaid him, and after a long argument dissuaded him from his purpose. Livia and Festus thereupon took up their life together and were happier than before. But Evander, although he derived some comfort from the composition of pessimistic verses, was left disconsolate, not because of Livia's forsaking him, but because of the way the affair had gone.

This takes place upon the borders of a lake among purple mountains covered with chestnut bloom and carpeted with flowers. Little baby fauns run in and out of the story; an oread, a minor poet, wanders through, always looking for somebody to whom she can recite her verses; in the moonlight the naiads, tired of the water springs, come down to the lake to swish and sing.

But the delicate, bright atmosphere in which this enchanting book is bathed must be left for the reader to enjoy.

K. M.

POETRY FOR BABES

NURSERY LAYS OF NURSERY DAYS. By M. and C. T. Nightingale. (Oxford, Blackwell, 95 pp., 2s. net.)
THE FAIRY GREEN. By Rose Fyleman. (Methuen, 63 pp., 3s. 6d. net.)

I'VE just finished a very satisfying and sombre exposition of mechanistic philosophy, and am wondering whether anyone ever had any preferences, or indeed whether there is any "one" to have preferences, or to wonder about them. The pity of those good, stupefying, philosophic moods is that they never survive the effort to catch a train, or the need to answer a child's questions. So far as I understand the latest mechanism, our standard in future is to be the babe—its idea of the truth corresponds best with the facts of the universe. Well, one of the earliest differences between children is that which separates the prose-child from the verse-child. All very little children have to submit to rhyme: their pillows are stuffed with down from Mother Goose; but quite soon some children will break away and insist on having prose-stories, while others will demand verse. What are we to give these latter?

Certainly the best thing is to turn the child loose in the library. He will read things then that he will never read later; time is more leisurely, and distraction less easy. If a boy or girl has a real liking for poetry it is a pity to attempt to direct the reading. My great demand for children's verse is that it should make a good noise. But noise alone will not do. Children want a story, and want it very simple and straightforward. Here the nursery rhymes set a very high standard:

A little cock sparrow sat on a tree,
Looking as happy as happy could be,
Till a boy came by with his bow and arrow;
Says he, "I will shoot the little cock sparrow.
His body will make me a nice little stew,
And his gibles will make me a little pie too."
Says the little cock sparrow, "I'll be shot if I stay,"
So he clapped his wings and he flew away.

That's full of meat; and even when you only have a rhyming jingle, there's more to it than many modern poets contrive to fit into their serious verse.

Hink, minx! the old witch winks,
The fat begins to fry:
There's nobody at home but jumping Joan,
Father, mother, and I.

The early nursery-rhymes, couplets and jingles were made by people who were not consciously writing for children; the jingles for grown-ups were much the same. Since we became overaware of children, things have been very different. Compare such a poem as "Mary's Lamb" or Isaac Watts's "Let Dogs Delight," and you realize that one has passed into a different set of values altogether. Latterly many poets, influenced partly by Blake (who, like the early authors, wrote in the same way for children and adults), have tried to return to a more direct, objective type of poem for children. Here, for instance, are Miss Nightingale and Miss Fyleman. Miss Nightingale is lucky in having a sister or brother who understands the woodcut: one of the illustrations in the book is not unworthy to be set beside those charming, crowded things of Calvert's, or Blake's series for Virgil. But it is with the poems I am concerned. I gave the book to a little girl, aged nine, and she read it right through to her sister, aged seven; and in the afternoon asked for it again, and read it through again. That is something of a tribute. Then I asked which poem pleased the most, and was told "The Yellow Cat." So here is "The Yellow Cat":

In summer on the sunny wall the yellow cat and I
Sit quietly side by side and watch the clouds go sailing by:
I love his yellow velvet paws—I love to hear him sing,
But when it's dark and I'm in bed it's quite a different thing.

For when it's dark from every house the cats of every size
Come creeping forth with angry tails and golden, gleaming eyes,
They snarl and shriek and spit and swear—the yellow cat and they;
I love the yellow cat, but still—I love him best by day.

There is no doubt that the ordinary healthy child does like something with a little creep in it—something that has a shiver.

Miss Fyleman has forgotten her fairy stories. A fairy-lore which makes all the fairies sweet, pleasant, beautiful and kindly disposed is a heresy. No nursery will stand an immaculate company of fays. It is no use Miss Fyleman putting the blame on her mother:

And mother says, in fairy tales, those bits are never true
That tell you all the dreadful deeds the wicked fairies do.

The very name given to the fairy tribe—the good people—was given as a protection; and every child knows that there are some fairies which pinch, and tickle, and tie strings at the bottom of the stairs, and leave a nasty piece of margarine on the oil-cloth, or hide under a tumbled leaf on the rain-swept pavement. I find "The Fairy Green," then, rather too pretty, and it was not received by the children with the same joy which greeted Miss Nightingale's book; but that was partly due to the absence of pictures, while in many poems Miss Fyleman is not writing for children. Much of her best verse is not concerned with fairy things at all. This is a really jolly poem, unexpected and complete, about the dentist:

I'd like to be a dentist with a plate upon the door
And a little bubbling fountain in the middle of the floor;
With lots of tiny bottles all arranged in coloured rows
And a page-boy with a line of silver buttons down his clothes.
I'd love to polish up the things and put them every day
Inside the dainty chests of drawers all tidily away;
And every Sunday afternoon when nobody was there
I should go riding up and down upon the velvet chair.

And "Mrs. Brown" has something of the make-believe fancy of childhood:

As soon as I'm in bed at night
And snugly settled down
The little girl I am by day
Goes very suddenly away
And then I'm Mrs. Brown.
I have a family of six,
And all of them have names:
The girls are Joyce and Nancy Maud,
The boys are Marmaduke and Claude
And Percival and James.
We have a house with twenty rooms
A mile away from town;
I think it's good for girls and boys
To be allowed to make a noise—
And so does Mr. Brown.

Neither Miss Nightingale nor Miss Fyleman has any nonsense poems; and I'm sure they are right. Children are not great lovers of nonsense. Lear's long narrative poems are not nonsense in the way that Carroll's "Hunting of the Snark" is: Lear tells a quite intelligible story, and there is no reason in a child's philosophy to cause him to disbelieve in the Pobble rather than in the Lion or the Unicorn, while words like "runcible" are quite as possible as a word like "comical." What children really want in their poetry is not nonsense, but something with a rhythm that sings, and with a clear meaning. The great fault of most modern verse for children is the excess of epithets. In the only modern poem which can rank with the old nursery rhymes, Longfellow's "There was a little girl," there are hardly any epithets, and no otiose ones: Miss Fyleman's poems are full of picturesque adjectives and adjectival phrases—sometimes a whole line ("all shining green and gold") will be nothing but adjectival, and at such children's interest lapses. They want statement, not decoration: in short, poetry for children should be the best poetry.

R. E. R.

NOTES FROM IRELAND

Dublin, December 19, 1919

WHEN Mr. Yeats's "Player Queen" was produced by the Stage Society last May the press comments indicated bewilderment rather than amusement on the side of the critics. The play was seen in Dublin for the first time a couple of weeks ago, when it was performed at the Abbey Theatre. The first-night audience certainly exhibited no signs of that irritated impatience which, one gathered, was the prevailing impression left upon the Stage Society public. There was a crowded house, and we all appeared to be vastly amused by the fantastic humour of Mr. Yeats. Not since he gave us "Where there is Nothing," some fifteen years ago, has he written anything in the mood of comedy like "The Player Queen." The gaiety of the occasion was not diminished by the rumour that the Vigilance Committee had sent its "smuthounds"—as the Americans say—to report upon the proceedings. The drunken poet's chivalrous defence of the chastity of the unicorn must have reassured the virtuosi of virtue just at the point where there was a danger of ambiguous reference. It is now being argued in the circles of the *intelligentsia* that a profound esoteric meaning lies beneath the surface of "The Player Queen." It looks as if the gibe of the cynic is to be justified who asserted, after the first performance, that Mr. Yeats had at last become deliberately humorous where he had been previously merely unconsciously funny. If our frank enjoyment of what we have more or less accepted as a manifestation of the comic spirit in Mr. Yeats is misplaced, if "The Player Queen" had, in the author's intention, a serious, symbolic significance, he will doubtless prefer the puzzled solemnity of his first critics. Dublin will have again afforded him proofs of what he has called "the spite of this unmannerly town." The plaint is frequently heard from our visitors, notably Mr. Bernard Shaw, who never fails to deliver a homily upon the "derision of Dublin." Reviewing Mr. G. K. Chesterton's "Irish Impressions" recently in the *Irish Statesman*, Mr. Shaw again complains of the over-developed derisive sense of Dubliners. It would be quite fair to suggest that he finds in Dublin just what he brings to it himself. It is usually possible for the intelligent traveller to discover in Ireland precisely what he expects. Liberals go away having satisfied themselves as to the iniquities of coercion, Conservatives are confirmed in their respect for "strong government" and their confidence in the wisdom of the Kildare Street Club. At the same time, it might be suggested to Mr. Shaw that most of the derision which offends him is provoked by the spectacle of our friendly visitors. Like himself, they are quite unfamiliar with contemporary Ireland, but they have no hesitation in dogmatizing from obsolete, or wholly inadequate, data.

Two novels have just been published which can safely be placed in the hands of all Englishmen who desire to understand the evolution of contemporary Ireland: "The Gael," by Mr. Edward E. Lysaght (Maunsell, 6s. 6d. net), and "The Clanking of Chains," by Mr. Brinsley MacNamara (Maunsell, 6s. 6d. net). The two books are radically dissimilar, yet each is true, and the one is the complement of the other. Mr. Lysaght's semi-autobiographical novel is a simple and striking account of what is really growing up behind the political bogey called Sinn Féin. Mr. MacNamara's work is a sombre and disillusioned criticism of the evil which lives on in Ireland after the men who have sown the seeds are long since forgotten. Mr. Lysaght's story is as effective a confession of faith as Mr. MacNamara's is a remarkable example of that self-criticism of which Ireland is popularly supposed to be incapable.

Mr. Forrest Reid's "Pirates of the Spring," to which I referred some weeks ago, has been unavoidably postponed until next year, and also Mr. Lennox Robinson's "Eight Short Stories," which had been simultaneously announced by the Talbot Press.

The Ulster Players have been down here from Belfast with some old and new plays from their repertory. The new ones do not deserve mention, and the inevitable favourites, "The Drone" and "Thompson in tir-na-n'Og," continue to meet with the success which seems inseparable in these islands from whatever has been performed *ad nauseam*.

B.

THE ROYAL TOMBS OF THEBES

ON December 12 last the second of a course of lectures arranged by the Egypt Exploration Fund (which on January 1 changes its name to Egypt Exploration Society) was delivered by Professor Newberry at the Royal Society's rooms. Professor Newberry chose for his subject the tombs of the Kings of Egypt at Thebes, a theme upon which he is undoubtedly the first authority since he has for over 25 years resided in their immediate vicinity and has made them the subject of a special study. He is moreover the actual discoverer or co-discoverer of several of them. Aided by an exceptionally fine series of slides, Professor Newberry first traced the rise and growth of Thebes as the civil and religious capital of Egypt.

The vast and complex funerary system of the ancient Egyptians naturally reaches its culminating point in the equipment of the Kings' tombs, since the Kings were the living representatives of the gods whilst on earth and in their turn became gods themselves after death. The structure and arrangements of the tombs were described, with special reference to the ritual or mythological significance of each feature of them. The jewellery and precious objects deposited in the tombs made them from the earliest times the object of the greatest cupidity of treasure-seekers. As we learn from a batch of contemporary documents, of which the famous Abbott Papyrus is the best known, the continued spoliation of the royal tombs led to the formation, by the Government of that day, of a special commission to inspect and safeguard the necropolis and to arrest and prosecute the wrongdoers, a course which was in the end so unsuccessful that it was eventually found necessary to remove the royal mummies from their tombs and to deposit them in a place of safety, where they rested in peace until their rediscovery in our own times.

A remarkable series of objects recovered from the tombs was shown upon the screen, the most interesting of which is a piece of woven tapestry, the oldest known by a thousand years, which was found by Professor Newberry in the tomb of Tuthmosis IV. and which presents one of the most insoluble problems known to archaeology.

W. R. D.

BIBLIOGRAPHICAL NOTES

THERE are now on exhibition in the King's Library, British Museum, the following recent acquisitions of the Department of Printed Books, besides others already mentioned in these notes: St. Bernard, Sermons in Dutch, Pieter van Os, Zwolle, 1484-85. With a fine woodcut representing the Virgin and Child and St. Bernard.—Isidorus Etymologiae, Georg Wolf and Thielmann Kerver for Jean Petit, Paris, 1499.—Walter Thornbury, Life of J. M. W. Turner, London, 1862. Extra-illustrated by John Platt, Llandudno, 1899, and bequeathed by him to the Museum. In thirteen volumes; the volume exhibited shows the signature of Turner and a number of his fellow-students at the Royal Academy.—A collection of Siamese postage stamps formed by the late R. W. Harold Row, Assistant Lecturer and Demonstrator in Zoology at King's College, and presented to the Museum by his mother in accordance with his wish.

Besides the above exhibits, the following recent accessions may be noted: Litaniae Ambrosianae, Zarotus, Milan, 1503.—A number of Castilian and Spanish royal ordinances, etc., printed at various dates between the years 1523 and 1573.—S. de Porta, Sermones festiuitatum B.V.M., J. Joffre, Valencia 1512.—M. de Azpilcueta, Manual de confesores, J. Barreriu, and J. Alvarez, Coimbra, 1553.—Ordinarium Fratrum Psalmodicorum, V. de Millis, Salamanca, 1576.—W. Bullein Dialogue wherein is a godly regiment against the pestilence J. Kingston, London, 1578.—T. Trussell, Soldier pleading his own cause, N. Okes for T. Walkley, London, 1626.—R. S., The Counter Scuffle, W. Stansby for R. Meighen, London, 1628.—E. Wingate, Usage de la règle de proportion en l'arithmétique, Paris, 1624.

THE CLUE OF THE IVORY CLAW. By F. Haydn Dimmock. (Pearson, 188 pp., 3/6 net.)—The ivory claw of an eagle is found by a Boy Scout in the ruins of his house, which has been burned down. Later he sees its fellow in the house of his employer. The efforts of the Scouts to unravel the mystery of these symbols lead to many exciting incidents.

Science

SIR VICTOR HORSLEY

SIR VICTOR HORSLEY: A STUDY OF HIS LIFE AND WORK. By Stephen Paget. (Constable. 21s. net.)

SELDOM can a biographer have had a more congenial task than that of Mr. Stephen Paget. Lady Horsley in her preface says that the author and his subject were widely separated in their mental attitudes, and that the author has softened nothing in his criticisms and has suppressed nothing. But this separation was more apparent than real, for they both had the fundamental qualities of honesty and hatred of all shams, of clear-cut logicity and enthusiasm for a cause, of high moral standards, and of a great love for the profession to which they belonged. Mr. Paget's chief ground for criticism is Horsley's undisguised contempt for those who disagreed with him or failed to reach his own superhuman standards, and the direct manner in which he usually expressed it. Their aims were strictly parallel, but Mr. Paget's methods have been more restrained and probably more effectual than Horsley's were.

Mr. Paget has written in a calm, dispassionate manner without literary tricks or mannerisms, though he could have made the book seem almost sensational had he so chosen, for the earlier part of Horsley's life was nothing less than an epic of the progress of science. He rode on the crest of the advancing wave, and it was the force of his intellect and personality together with an almost unlimited capacity for passionate hard work that put him there at a time of life when most men are only laying the first foundations of their careers. Already at the age of 22 he was publishing papers in *Brain* on the obscure subject of localization of function in the central nervous system, and a year later, in 1880, was conducting well-conceived researches into the novel subject of bacteriology. His keenness and pugnacity, even when the question at issue was so relatively unimportant as whether it were right that people should take mustard with their food, impressed themselves on everyone with whom he came into contact, and a great future was predicted for him. In 1881, while house-surgeon at University College Hospital, he was planning an attack on the brain of the frog and devising a tiny trephine, an instrument with which to carry out minute operations on the reptile's cranium; and his restless mind even led him to make experiments on himself with various anaesthetics. He never spared anyone, and least of all himself.

In 1884 came his first great chance, when he was appointed Professor-Superintendent of the now forgotten Brown Institution, which, though nominally a veterinary institution, was in those days one of the chief centres for research in pathology, physiology, and surgery. The apostles of anti-vivisection have now made advances in these sciences relatively so difficult that the scientific centre of gravity has shifted elsewhere, but Horsley crowded into his six years of office an amount of important research such as can never have been equalled by anyone in the same space of time. He began at once to conduct extensive researches into the functions of the thyroid gland, taking monkeys as the subjects of his experiments, since the effect of the removal of the gland from monkeys is much more gradual and more easily observed than it is if cats or dogs be used. Observations on the connection between the thyroid gland and the conditions known as cretinism, a form of idiocy, and myxoedema, a disease of adults characterized by insidious changes in the skin, hair, mentality, and general functions of the body, had been accumulating for many years without much result; but Horsley's acute mind and direct methods soon threw a

flood of light on this obscure problem, though it is a matter for extreme surprise that his discoveries halted just short of finding a successful form of treatment for these diseases, such as is now commonly practised, namely, feeding the patient on an extract of the thyroid glands of sheep. At the same time he was instituting far-reaching investigations into the cause and treatment of rabies, and he soon became the chief exponent in England of Pasteur's doctrines and methods, and was more than any other man instrumental in stamping out the disease in the British Isles. He fought for Pasteurism with characteristic zest, not only in the laboratory, but also on the platform and in the press, and no doubt began to make some of those enemies whose numbers and rancour grew so greatly in later years as his passion for publicity increased. It is unfortunate that in this part of his book Mr. Paget should have allowed the undercurrent of propaganda against anti-vivisection, which can be felt throughout, to come undisguisedly to the surface. The whole course of Horsley's life is a sufficient refutation of anti-vivisectional fallacies without the introduction of an unpleasant flavour of pamphleteering.

Meanwhile these researches, though of the first importance, were only the background to his work on the functions and surgery of the brain, and a series of papers published between 1886 and 1890 embodied some of the biggest advances in the knowledge of this subject that have ever been made. His researches were conducted chiefly on the brains of monkeys, parts of which were exposed and stimulated electrically, the resulting movements of the various parts of the body being recorded and analysed with minute care. He thus first mapped out the so-called "motor area," or that part of the brain which governs the various co-ordinated movements of which an animal is capable. He also investigated the "speech centre," the frontal or "association" areas, the visual centres at the back, or occipital, part of the brain, the functions of the cerebellum, and many other highly technical problems. His hospital appointments enabled him at the same time to apply his results to the treatment of diseases of the brain, since it was now for the first time possible to deduce from the symptoms the exact position of a brain tumour and to expose it almost with certainty. His fame was now rapidly spreading all over the world, and at a Medical Congress in Berlin in 1890 he was one of the most notable figures present, though his age was but 33. His work on the central nervous system proceeded steadily for the next twenty years, but it was during this early period that the most sensational advances were made. Meanwhile there were growing up those other activities, less directly scientific, which were destined to undermine Horsley's reputation with his profession, to absorb more and more of his energy, to make for him numberless enemies, and, finally, to tinge with tragedy the later years of his career. Horsley never shirked publicity; and, in fact, the degree to which he courted it amounted almost to a vice. His fighting instincts never allowed him to rest, and his whole tremendous energy was poured out for the sake of any cause which he believed to be on the side of truth and morality. But his very pugnacity and fearlessness almost defeated their own object. His language was never guarded, and the intensity of his convictions often betrayed him into exaggerations of fact which tended to discredit him even in the eyes of those who agreed with him and laid him open to effective attacks by his opponents. Temperance was the most notable cause for which he fought, but so intemperate were his tactics that the world dubbed him "crank," and his name became almost a laughing-stock even among those who ought most to have respected him. He suffered the common fate of the man who is honest, direct, and above intrigue, and finally, in his struggles on behalf of his profession over the introduction of the

Insurance Act, only earned abuse from those whom he sought to help. He was, however, undeterred and made more than one ineffectual attempt to enter Parliament.

By the time the war came his surgical practice had seriously fallen off, since it was naturally supposed that a surgeon who spent so much of his time on public platforms could not devote much of his energy to treating private patients. Apparently he was also distrusted by the War Office, and he was unable to obtain the work which he felt best qualified to do, the development of the surgical treatment of gunshot wounds of the head. At last, in May, 1915, the Territorial hospital to which he was attached was sent to Egypt, and a few months later he was appointed Consultant. He went to India in March, 1916, reached Mesopotamia in May, and there in his sixtieth year he died of sunstroke, fighting with all his old intensity against the massed forces of apathy, incompetence, and neglect. His tragedy had reached its consummation. K.

SOCIETIES

ROYAL.—December 11.—Sir J. J. Thomson, President, in the chair. "A Further Study of Chromosome Dimensions," by C. F. U. Meek, stated that:

1. The degree of somatic complexity of an animal cannot be correlated with the lengths of the chromosomes composing its complex.
2. The degree of somatic complexity of an animal cannot be correlated with the diameters of the chromosomes composing its complex.
3. The degree of somatic complexity of an animal cannot be correlated with the total volume of the chromosomes composing its complex.
4. The degree of somatic complexity of an animal cannot be correlated with the number of the chromosomes composing its complex.
5. There are many different chromosome diameters.
6. The chromosomes composing the spermatogonial complex of an animal are not necessarily identical in diameter with those composing its secondary spermatocyte complex.
7. All chromosomes composing an individual complex are not necessarily of the same diameter.

The other papers read were: "The Respiratory Exchange of Man during and after Muscular Exercise," by J. M. H. Campbell, C. G. Douglas, and F. G. Hobson; "The Energy Output of Dock Labourers during Heavy Work, Part I.," by A. D. Waller; and "The Relation of Spermatozoa to Certain Electrolytes, Part II.," by J. Gray.

LINNEAN.—December 11.—Dr. A. Smith Woodward, President, in the chair.

Dr. G. Parker Bidder, Mr. A. R. Thompson, Mr. Stuart Hogg, and Mr. E. Colson Adkin were admitted Fellows.—Mr. Narayana Padamanabha Panikkar was elected a Fellow.

Professor W. A. Herdman read some "Notes on the Abundance of Marine Animals and a Quantitative Survey of their Occurrence." Professor Dendy and Sir H. H. Howorth contributed further observations.

Mr. J. Brontë Gatenby read a paper, "The Germ-Cells and Early Development of *Grantia compressa*," the spermatids of *Grantia* being described for the first time. Professor Dendy and Dr. G. P. Bidder offered some observations, and lantern-slides were employed by the speakers to elucidate their remarks.

ROYAL STATISTICAL.—December 16.—Mr. Herbert Samuel, President, in the chair.

Mr. J. E. Allen read a paper upon "Some Changes in the Distribution of the National Income during the War."

FORTHCOMING MEETINGS

- Fri. 2. Geographical (Æolian Hall), 3.30.—"A Visit to the Diamond Mountain in Korea," Miss Hilda Bowser, (Christmas Lecture.)
- Sat. 3. Royal Institution, 3.—"Sounds of the Country," Professor W. H. Bragg. (Christmas Lectures.)
- Mon. 5. Geographical (Æolian Hall), 8.30.
- Tues. 6. Royal Institution, 3.—"Sounds of the Town," Professor W. H. Bragg. (Christmas Lectures.)
- Wed. 7. Geological, 5.30.
- Mathematical Association, (London Day Training College, Southampton Row), 5.30.—Annual Meeting.
- Thurs. 8. Mathematical Association, 10 and 2.30.—Annual Meeting (continuation).
- Royal Institution, 3.—"Sounds of the Sea," Professor W. H. Bragg. (Christmas Lectures.)
- Fri. 9. Malacological, 6.
- Philological, 8.—"The Perception of Sound," Dr. W. Perrett.

Fine Arts

MR. LEWIS AS A DRAUGHTSMAN

WYNDHAM LEWIS: FIFTEEN DRAWINGS. (Ovid Press, 43, Bel-size Park Gardens, N.W.3.)

MR. PERCY WYNDHAM LEWIS exhibits a fine courage in facing the world with a portfolio of drawings. Because drawing, the basis of the plastic arts and the connecting link between them, is the supreme test of an artist. Shut up a man with a ream of paper and some black crayon, and sooner or later he will show us the best he can do or give himself away.

Those who are familiar with the varied manifestations of Mr. Lewis's talents will recognize here the characteristic alternation of logic and inconsequence, of intellect and eroticism, as well as the sparkling accomplishment and the impressive spells of concentration followed by baffling banter as the artist breaks his self-imposed fetters and indulges in a Quartier Latin prank.

In other words these drawings, like all his work, are the product of a man abnormally sane. Mr. Lewis has no illusions because he is not afraid of facts, and no prejudices because he is not afraid of theories; and he is never absurd because he is not afraid of a joke. The abstract relations of form, line and mass interest him, perhaps more than any other aspect of the plastic arts, but they are not a religion to him as they were to Gaudier in his later years, or as they are to Mr. Wadsworth to-day. The religion which holds him is more comprehensive, elastic and gay—something which the man in the street is not sane enough to recognize as a religion. This is why the man in the street, who admires only religious art, can make so little of the art of Mr. Lewis.

He is an artist who has certain affinities with Leonardo da Vinci; he has less skill of hand, but he has more sense of humour and the same passion for experiment and contempt for an easy task. He is only interested in hitherto insoluble problems; he attacks only in places where success looks hopeless, and just as he scorns to hide his failures, so he also scorns to repeat any chance success.

As a draughtsman he is classical in the sense that he clearly regards the functions of drawing as twofold: the statement of specific concrete form and the statement of the constructional elements in two or three dimensional art; and he has a plastic intuition amounting to genius. The drawing in this collection labelled "Head No. 1" shows us that he could, if he so desired, become the Prince of Expressionists and beat Matisse and Derain at their own game. But his restless interest in experiment will not let him linger in this mood; he is impelled to the major problems. When his intellect takes a holiday he toys with caprices like "Seraglio" and "Post Jazz," where sentient lines flow round hips and thighs and shoulders that swell into monstrous proportions or dwindle to unhealed-of refinements. But what would have delighted Beardsley will not satisfy Mr. Lewis for long. His interest in three-dimensional composition and abstract pictorial rhythms always returns. In the Nude No. 1 he has, in academic phraseology, "wrestled with the difficulties of complicated foreshortening." But in this case the foreshortening is only the beginning of the story; the artist passes on to the conception of the huddled figure as a potential element in a composition. To this end he colours it grey-green, and it becomes a block of granite; chisel in hand, he hacks it into a plastic entity, a group of organic forms together constituting a central rhythm radiating other rhythms. He goes to the British Museum Reading-Room, and in the long depressing interval between demand and supply he draws on a Museum "slip"—not a portrait sketch of his neighbour, as nine artists out of ten would have done—but a series of experiments in

formalization: plastic symbols based on the human profile, contrasted angles embodying figures in motion, resulting in fantastic hybrids, intersecting rhomboids masquerading as fighting men, and semicircles playfully degenerating into human calves—strange scribbles very unlike the drawings of Sir William Orpen, but not unlike the notebooks of Leonardo.

Another time he goes to Hampstead Heath and surveys his fellow-man at play. Forthwith he lets loose his abstract rhythms on the unsuspecting merry-makers, but this time they are less relentless, more whimsical, as though they realized the basic *bonhomie* of their master, who is in jovial mood to-day and claims Rowlandson as his brother. They disport themselves across the page, and wink and chuckle as they point the moral and adorn the tale of khaki caps and ladies' hats and upturned faces watching a pole-jump in cockney cheerfulness.

This drawing "Pole-Jump" is in some ways the most successful of the series, and the most characteristic of Mr. Lewis. It is better than a Fleet Street artist's illustration of the same subject because the humour is both seen and expressed in terms of form and line and proportion. It is better than a Continental caricature by Caran d'Ache or Gulbransson because Mr. Lewis does not start with a fixed and arbitrary formula and compress or stretch nature to fit into it. The principle which guides his formalization permits of an infinite variety in the component parts of a formula and an infinite variety of formulæ. In the drawing "Pole-Jump" the artist has set out to express in arbitrary black-and-white shapes the specific forms which to his eye constitute the scene; in other words he has set out to draw it. The scene strikes him as funny, and, quite appropriately, he makes the forms funny also. It is just because of this elasticity in his method, because of its power to adapt itself to an emergency, that we regard it as something more than a "stunt"; and it is because Mr. Lewis convinces us of his ability to see the plastic possibilities of a scene that we regard him as a genuine creative artist. He sees the world as material for drawings, and when he draws he does not work in competition with the photographer or in competition with nature. He is merely a professional draughtsman who delights in drawing in the way which seems good to him. Why should we demand more when the vast majority of contemporary output has taught us to expect so much less?

R. H. W.

TWO AMERICAN ETCHERS

THE GREATORIX GALLERIES in Grafton Street have been showing recently a collection of etchings by two American artists, Mr. D. C. Sturges and Mr. Troy Kinney. Mr. Sturges is influenced technically by Zorn, but he is more sentimental than the Swedish master and more attracted to picturesque types. The best of his plates are "The Money-Lender" and "Woman Threading Needle," which should appeal to collectors who are attracted by "genre" art. Mr. Kinney exhibits a series of plates called "Impressions of Great Dancers." In certain cases—notably in the impressions of Spanish dancers—characteristic movements have been happily registered; and there is also a successful reminiscence of Adolf Bolm's wild dance in "Prince Igor." But the drawing throughout—though it has a certain *chic*—is very slight, and Mr. Kinney is clearly not impelled by the relentless curiosity of a great artist. He is content to make pretty etchings of dancers as seen from the stalls by the average playgoer. There is, moreover, to our mind, a weakness in exhibiting both coloured and black-and-white versions of the same plate; one or other must necessarily be unsatisfactory if either is a genuine impression. Colour in an etching can only be tolerated if it is an integral part of the original conception, in which case the etching itself is merely a preparation for the colour; if, on the other hand, the black-and-white etching is a complete impression it cannot be improved by the addition of colour. Yet in spite of their shortcomings these plates may have historical interest to our descendants.

THE IMITATORS OF AUBREY BEARDSLEY

AFTER prolonged opposition publishers and editors of illustrated journals have finally accepted the black-and-white convention evolved by Aubrey Beardsley. It has in fact become a commonplace in popular illustration. Yet none of the numerous artists who employ it have given us drawings which compare in interest with the work of Beardsley himself, and their failure enables us to take the measure of his achievements with greater ease and certainty than was possible when he represented an isolated phenomenon in the field of illustration.

Every artist of eminence has first his followers, who go to the same sources for their inspiration, and secondly his imitators, who copy his formulæ of expression. The first, however feeble, are at least in the main stream of development, the second remain in stagnant backwaters. Yet it is from the backwaters that we can best judge the pace and direction of the stream.

The modern imitators mostly copy the readily comprehensible pen tricks of Beardsley's technique. Some of them, such as Miss Fish, exhibit a delicacy of touch which rivals that of the master. But nowhere do we see anything of that blend of Renaissance and Rococo which made up the culture of Beardsley, and that blend of intellectual hardness and sense *morbidezza* which made up his outlook. This culture and this outlook have a special significance because they represent not only a personality, but an entire generation of English *dilettanti*. The most important fact about Beardsley—his most valid claim to rank as an artist of note—is that, although a typical aesthete, he had the power and the will to make himself articulate. His culture and his outlook were of a kind which was usually silent or at best found its expression in conversation over the nuts and wine. Beardsley succeeded in translating it into terms of art.

That a streak of morbidity runs through it all is undeniable; but this quality is distinct from the rest of his aesthetic constitution and was the result of his consciousness of fatal illness. It is, however, the only aspect of his psychology which is obvious to uncultivated imitators. They attempt to reproduce it, and give us nothing but an unrelieved effect of penny-dreadful perversity.

The imitations of Beardsley are indeed the sincerest flattery, for they serve to remind us of the forces which animated the black-and-white convention in his hands.

CHRISTMAS CARDS

THERE is a singular lack of consistency between the practice of artists and the theories which they are accustomed to defend in conversation. Most of them, for example, are agreed upon the desirability of democratic art—that is to say upon the desirability of the artist's influence extending to the manufacture of the common things of daily life which find a place in the houses of the poor and the man with moderate means. Yet in practice the great majority of artists work exclusively for the rich amateur, and leave all the more popular forms of art to ignorant and trivial-minded journeymen. Why, for example, do artists permit the general level of Christmas greeting cards to remain so deplorably low? If we wish to suggest that a picture is characterized by nothing but insignificant prettiness and foolish sentiment and feeble technique we habitually compare it to a Christmas card. The custom of sending these cards to friends, though on the wane, is still largely observed in all classes. Surely here is an opportunity for the spread of art among the masses. Why should we not have Christmas cards designed by Mr. Augustus John, Mr. William Nicholson, the brothers Nash and Mr. Albert Rutherston, to take a few names at random? They might even etch their designs on copper plates, which might be subsequently steel-faced to permit of large editions which could sell at the same price as the more pretentious of the present abominations designed by bright "flappers," quavering spinsters, and fourth-rate magazine illustrators. The plates could be destroyed each year after the edition was printed, which would ensure a collector's value to the prints. If this were done we might find our grandsons collecting Christmas cards just as we ourselves may have collected postage stamps. Concerted action by the artists on such experimental lines would go far to justify their proclaimed desire to cater for the great public, and raise the standard of taste.

Music

THE REHEARSAL PROBLEM

WAGNER, describing in his autobiography his visit to London in 1855, when he conducted the Philharmonic Society's concerts, complains bitterly of the fact that he had no control whatever over the number of rehearsals which he thought necessary for the concerts. "For each concert, which included two symphonies and several minor pieces as well, the Society's economical arrangements allowed me only one rehearsal." The Philharmonic programmes have become a good deal shorter since those days, and their allowance of rehearsals less economical, but even now it is notoriously the fact that no orchestral concert, in London or elsewhere in this country, ever receives really satisfactory preparation. From conductors and from soloists one hears perpetually the same story. It is a matter of common experience to arrive at a concert and find enclosed in the programme a little slip of paper announcing that owing to unforeseen circumstances it has been found impossible to perform the most interesting item. Various excuses may be given officially; what one invariably hears from those behind the scenes is that the conductor or the composer, or, in the case of a concerto, the soloist, has refused to allow the work to be played at all rather than submit to an unrehearsed performance. Nobody is to blame. The most perfect tact and courtesy have been shown on all sides. Our orchestras are the most intelligent in the world, our conductors the most business-like and practical. Not a moment has been wasted; everyone concerned has worked like a nigger. The thing simply cannot be done. At the opera it is much the same. Every *prima donna* one meets tells one how she was obliged to sing some part or other for the first time in her life without any rehearsal whatever. No one particular organization is better or worse than another; wherever one turns, these embarrassments are all in the day's work.

Nor is the trouble confined to operas and orchestral concerts. During the last few years there has been a great revival of interest in chamber-music. String Quartets have become popular, and works by native composers have been much to the fore. More recently too, especially since the appearance of "On Wenlock Edge," it has been the fashion for singers to give recitals with the assistance of a string quartet. Here again the same story is told of utterly inadequate rehearsal. A group of players agree to form a string quartet. They begin by practising together with great energy. They make up a certain standard repertory, and learn to play their Beethoven and Mozart, their Debussy and Ravel, with an excellent unanimity of style. All honour to them that they desire to turn their well-deserved popularity to account in the interests of the young British composer. The young British composer has indeed reason to be grateful to those quartets which have made a point of playing a new English work at almost every concert. But he may be thankful if his work gets more than one rehearsal. It is not that our performers are either lazy or careless. They are conscientiously determined to do their best, and genuinely interested in furthering the development of British music. The marvel is that they even find time to rehearse at all. Most of them are engaged in teaching, and play in orchestras as well; besides that they have their engagements as a string quartet, in London, in the suburbs and in the provinces. Playing, rehearsing, teaching from early morning to late afternoon or evening, they yet manage to come together at the end of a hard day's work—and a day which has involved travelling considerable distances in those conditions of discomfort which we all of us know only too well—to

wrestle with the intricacies of a new work, with the additional inconvenience of manuscript parts in an unfamiliar handwriting. They are often so tired that they can barely hold their fiddles; it is only grim determination and will-power that keeps their bows in motion. If this is the case with the preparation of a new string quartet, how much worse is the fate of the singer who is dependent upon these four players for the accompaniments to a song, where there are not merely the actual parts to read, but the singer's elasticity of interpretation to be followed! He is lucky if he can get the quartet to run the things through in the artists' room ten minutes before the concert is due to begin.

Yet our composers are for ever bewailing the injustice under which a work of Beethoven receives fifty performances in a year as compared with the single one granted to any new British work. A conductor might well offer them their choice between no performance at all and a performance without rehearsal. The classics survive for many reasons, but one of these is that they can be played without rehearsal. It is only on the basis of a stock repertory that the Promenade Concerts can exist at all. And even the classics must have an occasional rehearsal, for orchestral players are not immortal. They die, and new ones take their places. Even a professional player has, once in his life, to read the C minor Symphony at sight.

The fundamental difficulty is, needless to say, economic. Players must live, and rehearsals must be paid for. The case of the string quartet is harder than that of the orchestral players, for the string quartet must find their own time and labour. The cost of living has doubled, but the organizers of concerts are trying to keep professional fees at the old standards. Professional musicians accept them, because they are confronted with the alternatives of a low fee or no engagement. Organizers of concerts, especially provincial musical societies which exist for purely artistic purposes and do not attempt to make commercial profits, find that their audiences are already forced by the entertainments tax to pay more than they can afford for their music, and refuse altogether to tolerate a further rise in the scale of charges.

It is useless to throw the blame on modern composers for writing music that is unnecessarily difficult. The most difficult music, as far as chamber and orchestral works are concerned, is the music which is difficult intellectually; and it is precisely the music of this kind which ought to be the most carefully rehearsed and the most often played, so that audiences may have the best opportunities of understanding it. Besides, there is plenty of music of the classical epoch and earlier, the difficulty of which is entirely intellectual, so that it demands as much study as any modern work. The remedy for the trouble lies simply and solely with the public. We have got to pay more for our music, and the only question at issue is whether we prefer to have shorter concerts at the present prices, or to pay more for our tickets. To have fewer concerts will not solve the problem, for that would merely involve the unfortunate musicians in a deeper abyss of ruin.

EDWARD J. DENT.

THE Friday Evening Discourses at the Royal Institution begin on the 10th inst. with a lecture by Sir James Dewar on "Low Temperature Studies," and end on March 26 with Sir J. J. Thomson's discourse on Lord Rayleigh's scientific work. Twelve courses of lectures are being delivered between the New Year and Easter, among which is a series of three lectures by Sir Frank Dyson on "The Astronomical Evidence bearing on Einstein's Theory of Gravitation." Inquiries should be addressed to the Assistant Secretary of the Royal Institution, 21, Albemarle Street, W. 1.

BEECHAM OPERA

"BORIS GODOUNOV"

"BORIS GODOUNOV" confronts the producer with an awkward problem. It is characteristic of the Russian indifference to considerations of time and space that the opera should be too long to be presented in its entirety at a single sitting; it is equally characteristic of its composer that, having recognized this, and described the work in the title of the original edition as "containing scenes not intended for stage performance," he should have omitted to indicate which these scenes were. Faced by this omission, the producer is necessarily free to pick and choose, and it is not possible to pass a conclusive judgment on the rightness or wrongness of his choice. One is bound, nevertheless, to put forward certain considerations.

Most obvious, though not really most vital, is the question of the third act. The ambitions of Marina, the jesuitical schemings of Rangoni, the betrothal of Marina to the pseudo-Dmitri, are mere episodes, that have little or no bearing on the dramatic development; they were inserted by Moussorgsky, one gathers, in deference to the criticism that the opera was deficient in what we may call "feminine interest"—a criticism of singular frivolity when applied to such an overwhelming revelation of the human soul as Moussorgsky has given us in this opera. The most natural method of abridgment, therefore, is to cut this act out altogether; the only objection that can be raised is that it contains some of the most beautiful music in the whole score and some of the most searching musical characterization that has ever been written. One is reluctant to condemn such pages to perpetual silence for the sake of dramatic unity. At Covent Garden they compromised; we had the scene in the garden and the love duet between Marina and the pseudo-Dmitri, but not the opening scene, nor the machinations of Rangoni, who does not appear in the cast at all. One hopes that this arrangement will not become a convention; if part of the act has to go, one would rather sacrifice the Polonaise and the love duet than the wonderful pages at the beginning or the telling musical portraits of Rangoni and Marina.

A more crucial matter is the order in which the last two scenes are to be played. Both in the 1896 and 1908 editions the scene of Pimen's narration and Boris' death is placed at the end of the opera, the crowd scene coming immediately before it; this was the arrangement followed at Covent Garden. But in the original 1875 edition (I take the statement of M. Calvocoressi on trust here, as I cannot find the 1875 edition in the British Museum Catalogue) the order of these two scenes is reversed, and there are compelling reasons why this original order should be observed. In the first place, the crowd scene is clearly an epilogue to the whole, and has no particular significance if it is made to precede the death scene; in the second, it is incomparably the more powerful and suggestive of the two scenes, so much so that the death scene, fine as it is in conception and execution, is felt after the other as a decided anticlimax; finally, the transposition of the scenes falsifies the dramatic emphasis. For Boris, vast, tragic figure as he is (and he is the one operatic figure whom one places unquestioningly beside, say, *Œdipus* or *King Lear*), is not the protagonist of this drama. As M. Calvocoressi justly observes, the real protagonist is the Russian people, surging and turbulent from beginning to end, with its indefinable suggestion of misery and revolt. Boris must be seized and held throughout in his true relation to the vaster forces looming in the background; the tragedy of a race is a bigger thing than the overthrow of a dynasty. With the people the drama begins, and with them it should close. And what more pitifully characteristic symbol of this people's destiny could one find than the village

idiot, groping and fumbling in the snow for his lost halfpenny?

For the same reason, one regrets the disappearance of the first scene of the first act; one cannot but feel it absolutely vital to the true interpretation of the story, just as the prelude is musically the only possible prelude. The music before the curtain goes up on the second scene is powerful enough and appropriate to its context, but it somehow does not serve as a prelude to the drama as a whole; it does not make you feel you have begun at the beginning, as the real prelude does. If the first scene is omitted, one feels inclined to say in conclusion, let the crowd scene in the last act be omitted also. In this way there would be a saving of time sufficient to enable the third act to be played in its entirety, and the drama could be seen in a real perspective, though not the perspective that Moussorgsky intended. It would cease to be the tragedy of Russia and become merely what its name intends, the tragedy of Boris Godounov. But even at that it would remain for some of us the biggest music drama that has yet been given to the world.

R.O.M.

CONCERTS

MR. IVAN PHILLIPOWSKY, who gave a pianoforte recital on December 15, has at any rate definite intentions with regard to the music which he plays, even if he does not always succeed in carrying them out. He evidently wishes to concentrate firmly on the melodic line, and this is in itself a merit, although his touch is rather hard and uneven. His reading of half-a-dozen familiar pieces by Domenico Scarlatti was quite devoid of the sprightliness which is usually associated with that composer, but it was interesting to hear them played in a deliberately *cantabile* style. Schumann's Sonata in F sharp minor seemed more adapted to Mr. Phillipowsky's temperament, which inclines to ruggedness rather than to grace.

THE LONDON STRING QUARTET reappeared on December 27, but did not give us the unfamiliar quartet by Turina which had been promised. This was a disappointment, but the Mozart D minor Quartet which took its place was given with remarkable purity of tone and finish of style. Precisely the same qualities, sad to say, were found in their playing of the accompaniments to Vaughan Williams' "Wenlock Edge" Cycle—a work where a certain roughness and savagery is essential to the true presentment of the composer's ideas. Mr. Elwes was infected to some extent by the mildness of the quartet, and the performance as a whole lacked the vitality that has made some previous interpretations of this work by the same artists quite memorable.

It is good news to learn that the L.S.Q. are going to give a Beethoven Festival in the week beginning Monday, April 26, during which the whole of the Beethoven quartets will be played in chronological order. Whatever musical events 1920 may have in store, few, if any, will be of greater interest than this. Whether it is wise to adhere to chronological order is debatable; when it comes to the last two or three nights, with one big posthumous quartet after another, the strain on the listener will be very intense, though the reward will be certain.

"BEFORE THE WAR" is the title of Lord Haldane's book announced for publication on the 15th inst. by Messrs. Cassell. The book is a detailed vindication of Britain's pre-war policy, based on the personal memoranda and observation of the author, together with an analysis of present conditions and a forecast of the immediate future.

DR. J. W. MELLOR has been engaged for the last twelve years on the preparation of a compendious survey of Inorganic and General Chemistry. This is intended to be the most comprehensive work on the subject which has hitherto been published in the English language, and it is hoped that it will cover the present state of our knowledge in all the different branches of inorganic chemistry. It will probably consist of six large volumes, and Messrs. Longmans have the first instalment in the press for publication in 1920.

MUSICAL NOTES FROM PARIS

ON December 16 the Queen of Spain attended the "répétition générale" at the Opéra of "Las Goyescas," the work of the Spanish composer Granados, who in 1916 tragically lost his life in the English Channel when the "Sussex" was torpedoed by a German submarine. The "Goyescas" are a series of "tableaux," after the manner of Goya, and provide a musical presentation of the theme of "Los Majos Enamorados." The vast stage of the Paris Opéra, from which it is notoriously difficult for singers to establish any "contact" with the auditorium, is not really suitable for the piece, which is not, and was not meant to be, grand opera in any sense of the word. None the less, with the help of a large crowd on the stage, some picturesque effects were obtained, and a really Spanish atmosphere was created by the masterly "décors" of Señor Zuloaga. The finishing touch was supplied by the extremely striking and accomplished dancing of Señorita Amalia Molina, one of Spain's most famous dancers, whose performance of the "fandango" in the second act, during the "baile de candelil" (or ball by candle-light), transported one to the real Spain, outside of which such dancing is rarely to be seen. The plot, such as it is, is concerned with the loves and jealousies of the Countess Rosario (Mlle. Marthe Chenal) and Fernando (M. Lafitte), Pepa (Mlle. Lapeyrette) and Paquiro, the "torero" (M. Cerdan). The music (which was originally composed for piano alone) is always agreeable to listen to, full of characteristic rhythms, and redolent of that romantic Spain which changes so little, and which is to-day so surprisingly like what it is traditionally supposed to be. The orchestra was brilliantly conducted by M. Chevillard, and the composer's son was there to direct the charming intermezzo between Acts I. and II. The house was packed with well-known people, including Marshals Foch and Pétain, who received a small ovation.

Meanwhile at the Théâtre des Champs Elysées, Mme. Pavlova is triumphing once more. Her art is as perfect as ever. Her rendering of "La Mort du Cygne" remains what it always was—an exquisitely tender and imaginative piece of miming and a technically perfect exhibition of the classic style. Pavlova's new male partner, Volonine, is also a remarkable dancer, and the rest of the troupe are all efficient and accomplished. The repertoire, however, is badly chosen, and from a musical point of view devoid of interest. But while Pavlova is keeping alive the purest classical tradition and excelling in her virtuosity (and this is no mean achievement), it is rather to the Diaghilev Ballet that we turn for works and ideas. And on Christmas Eve Karsavina, Massine and their troupe, fresh from their London successes, were to appear at the Opéra and perform for the first time in Paris, amongst other things, "La Boutique Fantasque," after which they will alternate with the regular opera performances, appearing twice a week.

The same week also sees the revival of Boito's "Mephistopheles" at the Théâtre Lyrique, with Vanni-Marcoux in the title-rôle.

Debussy's "Ballet pour Enfants," "La Boîte à Joujoux," is now in the bill at this theatre, and is being delightfully interpreted by M. Quinault (Polichinelle), Mlle. Sakhy (La Poupée), Mlle. Gineva (Le Soldat) and other "toys," all of whom are good; but a special word of praise is due to the grey elephant, whose round body, expressive eye and realistic wrinkly legs are unforgettable, though unfortunately, having only a "walking-on" (or rather, "walking-off") part, his presence on the stage is very brief. M. Inghelbrecht conducts.

R. H. M.

NATIVE FAIRY TALES OF SOUTH AFRICA. Retold by Ethel L. McPherson. (Harrap, 191 pp., 5/ net.)—These tales from the Zulu and the Sesuto, simply and cleverly retold by Miss McPherson, should give pleasure not only to children, but to those grown-ups who are interested in imaginative stories.

THE BOOK OF ELVES AND FAIRIES (Harrap, 303 pp., 6s. net) contains a varied selection of fairy tales retold by Frances Jenkins Olcott. Some well-known fairy poems are included.

Drama

MR. MARTIN HARVEY IN
"HAMLET"

THE conjunction of Mr. Martin Harvey and Covent Garden Theatre was full of anxiety for any playgoer who remembered the lion's part that Mr. Harvey played in that most frightful of theatrical events—the Reinhardt production of Professor Murray's "Œdipus." And apart from such haunting memories, the Opera-House, even with its boxes eviscerated, is bound to provide a pretty stiff test for the æsthetic virtues of anyone who is so rash as to act a play in it. These pessimistic anticipations, it is agreeable to confess, were not entirely fulfilled by the event. Mr. Harvey's "Hamlet" was not nearly so bad as one had reasonably expected it would be or as other performers have actually been. And if, nevertheless, it was bad, it was bad in a rather unusual way.

The question of whether a production of "Hamlet" is to be actively painful or not necessarily depends chiefly upon the performance of the part of Hamlet himself. The extraordinary fact that never once throughout the whole evening did Mr. Harvey shout or yell was the outstanding feature of the play. It turned out, however, that there is an alternative to bellowing which in the long run irritates the spectator almost as much. Mr. Harvey represented Hamlet as an incredibly depressed individual, entirely bereft of vitality and initiative, and expressing himself not, as one might have hoped, in the tones of everyday conversation, but in an affected, drawling sing-song, which eventually degenerated into a perpetual and lachrymose miaowing. The great advantage of "Hamlet," from the actor's point of view, lies in its extreme length, which gives him every excuse for suppressing anything contradictory to his own conception of the play. If you choose to regard Hamlet as a strong silent man of action, you can cut out all the more talkative and undecided parts of the play and yet have enough left to keep you going (with incidental music and tableaux) for at least three and a half hours. If you persist in considering Hamlet a gentleman, you will leave out all his coarsenesses and jokes, and so find time for him to come tip-toeing back to kiss Ophelia's yellow pigtail. Mr. Martin Harvey, however, though his interpretation was palpably inconsistent with a large part of the play, scarcely for a moment resorted to such liberties with the text. His cuts were hardly once determined by prejudice, or even by reason. He gallantly went through the "convocation of politic worms" scene, though it evidently caused him much pain; and on the other hand left out the scene with the King at his prayers—or rather allowed the King to keep his part of the scene and merely left out Hamlet's part of it. Mr. Harvey had more subtle methods for disposing of any recalcitrancies on the part of the text. The gentle gloom which was his Hamlet's only characteristic naturally made it impossible for him ever to make a joke; and the jokes which unluckily disfigure the printed version of the play had to be severely dealt with. One or two of the more terrible were silently strangled. (How, after that touching scene with his mother, could Hamlet possibly talk of lugging the guts into the neighbour room?) A large number were smuggled through under cover of the quiet and refined craziness which he allowed himself to adopt. (What could be more evident than the half-heartedness with which he pretended to crack a joke or two at Polonius' expense?) But there remained a large number of unusual remarks which had to be met by other means—such, for instance, as the "thrift, thrift, Horatio," uttered before there could be any question of "madness." All of these difficulties were avoided by Mr. Harvey's wonderful method of elocution, which pre

vented the jokes and two-thirds of the rest of Hamlet's observations from being heard at all. Both the intention and the technique of this method (which, amazingly satisfactory in the third row of the stalls, must have been completely successful in the remoter parts of the house) are obvious enough. The technique consists simply in leaving out the consonants. Instead of saying "The rest is silence," you say "e-i—ay," allowing the words to glide out of your mouth like tooth-paste from a tube. The intention is no less plain; it is to envelope Hamlet in the mantle of Pelléas. By the unlimited use of such soft emollients every vestige of feeling, humour and intellect may be removed. How many people in the audience had the faintest notion that that mellifluous complaining trickle of sound really represented:

'Swords! show me what thou'lt do:
Woo't weep? woo't fight? woo't fast? woo't tear thyself?
Woo't drink up eisel? eat a crocodile?
I'll do't. Dost thou come here to whine?
To outface me with leaping in her grave?
Be buried quick with her, and so will I;
And, if thou prate of mountains, let them throw
Millions of acres on us, till our ground,
Singeing his pate against the burning zone,
Make Ossa like a wart!

If Mr. Harvey will look again, he will see that these lines are *not* by M. Maeterlinck.

The same kind of objections applied to the production as a whole. It was inoffensive in its details, but the total effect, the combination of the Craigesque curtains, and the affected lighting, and the pretentious music, was grotesquely remote from the play. It is no doubt possible, by selecting an accidentally predetermined mental attitude, to impose some sort of spurious unity upon such a performance. But a really honest result must depend upon a more unprejudiced examination of Shakespeare's words than Mr. Harvey has attempted.

J. S.

"DRAMA"

THE principal feature of the December issue of *Drama* (Chatto & Windus, 2s. net) is a symposium on "Some Aspects of the Ballet." Madame Karsavina writes on the importance of an elaborate technique in ballet-dancing. She confesses that to her acrobaticism "has always had a great appeal as a wonderful miraculous achievement, an art autocratic in itself." And while allowing the importance of the emotional and expressive side of dancing, she contends that technique is its "essential, principal element." M. Massine, in discussing "Choreography and a New School of Dancing," raises interesting questions as to the relation between movements and music in the ballet. Nijinsky and Fokin, he maintains, believed in a complete correspondence in the development of the musical and the choreographic idea. This theory of the exact analogy to be aimed at between every movement on the stage and every phrase in the orchestra was given its fullest expression in the Nijinsky-Stravinsky ballet "Le Sacre du Printemps." M. Massine describes this ballet as "the greatest fruit of the Dalcroze theory," and (with a dogmatism that will not convince everyone) declares that it was a *reductio ad absurdum* of the choreography of Nijinsky and a deathblow to his reputation. As to the alternative theory, which M. Massine himself supports, it is not easy to gather an exact notion; but the view seems to be that the movements and the music should each express the idea of the whole composition independently, and we gather that the relation of the visual to the auditory design of the work can best be described as "contrapuntal." The meaning is obscure, but we may look for more light upon the subject from the new Stravinsky "Nightingale" ballet, in which M. Massine tells us he hopes to realize his ideas.

Among the other contents of the magazine may be mentioned an account by Thyra Norman and J. V. Bryant of the admirable Pollock toy theatres, and a discursive estimate (illustrated with an alarming chart) by Mr. Huntly Carter of "Modern Influences on Public Dramatic Taste."

THE NEW THEATRE IN BERLIN

WE are able to give some particulars of the Grosses Schauspielhaus which was recently opened in Berlin under the direction of Herr Reinhardt. The theatre is not an entirely new building, but a reconstruction (of a very complete kind) of the old Zirkus Schumann. Its huge dimensions have given the architect (Herr Pölzig) an opportunity for erecting an exterior which is a characteristic specimen of modern German work. The feature of the interior, and indeed the *raison d'être* of the whole building, is the outer stage, like the "orchestra" in a Greek theatre, which, in place of the usual stalls, occupies the floor of the auditorium, and from which the seats radiate in a semicircle. The level of this outer stage may be fixed at any height that is desired; it is divided into three sections, which may be raised and lowered independently, and which may also be tilted to an angle with one another. Immediately behind the outer stage in the position occupied by the orchestra in an ordinary modern theatre, is the front stage. This is a comparatively shallow platform, running in front of the proscenium-opening, and normally raised well above the level of the outer stage. The front stage is divided into six sections which (as in the case of the outer stage) are capable of being raised or lowered independently and fixed at any desired height. Whereas the outer stage is intended to be used chiefly for the movements of choruses or crowds, the main dramatic action will as a rule take place upon the front stage. Finally, there is the upper stage, lying behind and above the front stage. The upper stage, in fact, corresponds in all respects to the normal stage in other theatres. It is separated from the auditorium (as well as from the front and outer stages) by a proscenium-opening fitted with an act-drop and safety-curtain—the latter divided into eight upright shutters sliding from the sides. The upper stage is armed with all the usual devices of modern stages—including a turntable, a *Kuppelhorizont*, and an indirect-lighting installation. Moreover, the whole upper stage may be raised or lowered within 4-metre limits. Some conception of the dimensions of the theatre may be formed from the fact that the outer stage (orchestra) is nearly as wide as the proscenium-opening of the Paris Opéra, while the front and upper stages are more than twice as wide—the proscenium-opening measuring in fact 31.5 metres across. The auditorium will seat 3,100 spectators, and the average price of a seat is Mk. 3.50.

From this account it will be evident that scenery in the ordinary sense can only be used upon the upper stage; and even there, in accordance with the aesthetic views of the management, it will be rigorously simple and *stilisiert*. As far as the front stage and orchestra are concerned, the creation of the right atmosphere must depend on the efforts of the actor, supported by a powerful ally—the lighting-apparatus. This, which is of the most elaborate description, is operated mainly from the dome that roofs over the whole auditorium. It must be explained that the interior of the dome is not a smooth surface, but is composed of a series of rings suspended one above the other, the lowest being as wide as the largest circumference of the dome, and those above diminishing gradually in size until the summit is reached; from each of these rings moreover there hangs down a kind of fringe of stalactite-shaped projections. Two functions are served by this structure of the dome; for the hanging projections, by breaking up the sound-waves, ensure the excellence of the acoustic properties of the auditorium, while the spaces between the rings are used for the indirect-lighting apparatuses. A special effect is also provided by the dome when all the lights in the theatre are lowered, and the auditorium seems to be in the open air roofed over by a starry night-sky. The theatre (a photograph of whose interior appeared in the *Manchester Guardian* of December 19) was opened on November 28 with a production of the "Oresteia" of Æschylus, translated and reduced to a three-hour entertainment by Herr Vollmöller.

It is difficult to feel much confidence in the hopes of the management that their efforts are creating a new form of theatrical art, which, by means of a new histrionic technique working upon a three-dimensional stage, will be able to affect the feelings of the audience more powerfully and directly than is possible in our ordinary picture-frame auditoriums. At the same time it would be wrong to forget that in spite of an insecurity of taste Herr Reinhardt has done some interesting and intelligent work in the theatre.

Correspondence

SWINBURNE, WATTS-DUNTON, AND THE NEW VOLUME
OF SWINBURNE SELECTIONS

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

DEAR SIR,—I read with alarm and distress Mrs. Watts-Dunton's letter in THE ATHENÆUM of December 12 concerning the Publisher's Note appearing in "Selections from Swinburne," edited by Messrs. Gosse and Wise. Mrs. Watts-Dunton is kind enough to suggest that the statement complained of was made through carelessness and not from any unworthy motive. I need hardly assure her that this is the case. When writing the note I had not a copy of the early selections before me, and did not realize that Swinburne himself had had any hand in that selection, which I cannot help thinking is now insufficient from the point of view of the wider popularity of Swinburne's works and also on account of the many poems which have been published since 1887. I am withdrawing the prefatory note at once, and substituting for it a new one in strict conformity with the facts. I offer my regrets and apologies to Mrs. Watts-Dunton.

Yours faithfully,

WM. HEINEMANN.

20-21, Bedford Street, W.C. 2,
December 19, 1919.

SHENSTONE'S EPITAPH

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—Has it been noticed that of the ten words—

Heu quanto minus est
Cum reliquis versari
Quam tui
Meminisse!

the first six fall *exactly* into the metre of Horace's threnody for Quintilius—

Quis desiderio sit pudor aut modus . . . ?

This is no doubt, in a sense, accidental, but the perfect writer of lapidary prose is as sure of his rhythm as is the perfect poet, and like moods may well take shape in like cadences.

The candle draws the moth, and I must hazard one more adventure:

Life with the living—Ah! to me
How much less than thy memory!

If the form of the first line is admissible, this gives a more literal substitution for Mr. Harrison's "All that I feel," which rather transgresses his own canon of austerity, and the equivalent of *meminisse* is kept in the same final position.

Mr. Harrison's letter on translation is incontrovertible except, perhaps, in one point. He considers English monosyllables a weakness in rendering. But it appears that English literature, prose or verse, like English speech, commonly becomes monosyllabic in proportion as it touches heights or depths of feeling. These three examples are given almost at random:

1. And the king was much moved and went up to the chamber over the gate, and wept: and as he went, thus he said: O my son Absalom, my son, my son Absalom! would God I had died for thee, O Absalom, my son, my son.

Of these 46 words all are monosyllables except one and the thrice repeated proper name.

2. *Lear*. And my poor fool is hanged! No, no, no life: Why should a dog, a horse, a rat, have life, And thou no breath at all? Thou'lt come no more . . .

Kent. Vex not his ghost: O, let him pass! he hates him That would upon the rack of this tough world Stretch him out longer.

Fifty-four words, all monosyllables but one.

3. But O for the touch of a vanish'd hand,
And the sound of a voice that is still!

In this poem there are 110 words, and all but ten are monosyllables.

It is difficult to see why the English way of expressing elementary pathos by elementary speech should not obtain also in translation.

Yours, etc.,

GEORGE ENGLEHEART.

THE ABBEY THEATRE

To the Editor of THE ATHENÆUM.

SIR,—In your issue of December 26 "Dublin Playgoer" is kind enough "to call your attention to the facts of the case" of the Abbey Theatre. So far as your correspondent's letter contains any facts, as distinct from mere assertions of personal opinion, it in no way invalidates the statements made by me in my "Irish Notes" of December 12. As I wrote on that occasion, the Abbey Theatre is a subject of perennial controversy in Dublin, and I have no doubt "Dublin Playgoer" is prepared to rehash the stale arguments, if encouraged to do so. So far as I am concerned, I have no intention of wasting your space and your readers' patience—not to mention my time—upon a question which has long since passed beyond the stage of intelligent discussion. As you will remember, my reference to it was provoked by the fact that Mr. W. B. Yeats himself has at last admitted publicly that the "success" of the Abbey Theatre is "a discouragement and a defeat." For some years past this self-evident fact has been the contention of all those who, like myself, have contrasted the earlier aims and achievements of the Irish Theatre with those of its later popularity. I need, therefore, reply only to the three points on which I am accused of being misleading.

(1) "Dublin Playgoer" over-zealously assumes that I attach great importance to the brief period of Mr. St. John Ervine's managership of the Abbey Theatre. I stated that "the process of disintegration" took "a fatal turn" during that period. Obviously my words implied that the process had already begun, as it had, long before Mr. Ervine was ever heard of. "Dublin Playgoer" admits that a group of the Players left, but omits to explain that they left in protest against Mr. Ervine's methods. In any case, Mr. Ervine's squabbles do not concern me. I merely noted the departure of the last remnant of the Players who were trained in the Fay tradition. That was the "fatal turn" to which I referred. Without discussing the reasons, I mentioned the undeniable fact that the Abbey Theatre gradually lost all that gave it fame and distinction. Your correspondent seems to imagine that this statement can be disproved by an irrelevant eulogy of Mr. Ervine and a repetition of my point, that "the leading Abbey actors have drifted from the theatre." The word "drifted" is a pretty euphemism, but to discuss it would be to reopen dead controversies. The important thing is that the phrase used by "Dublin Playgoer" confirms my reference to the "process of disintegration."

(2) So far as the Drama League is concerned, "Dublin Playgoer" again fails to invalidate my reference. I did not say that the League had carried out its full programme, but alluded to the success of the performances given. According to the Report of the Committee a substantial balance is at their disposal, and a number of additional members was secured by the performances to which your correspondent objects, apparently because the actors were not English. "Dublin Playgoer" evidently mistakes some personal grievance for widespread dissatisfaction with the Dublin Drama League. It is unfortunate that increased public support should have resulted from those dreadful productions (before crowded houses, by the way) which your correspondent cites as proof of the League's failure.

(3) When I wrote of the death of the Abbey Theatre I was at pains to mention the vast improvement under Mr. Lennox Robinson's management. With an inadequate company of players he has succeeded in raising the theatre out of the rut into which it had fallen under pressure of circumstances, due largely to the exigencies of commercial success. "Dublin Playgoer's" list of plays produced "during the last few years" is as superfluous as it is unrepresentative. I did not deny that plays were being reproduced still, but, like Mr. Yeats, I expressed my opinion that the Irish Theatre had abandoned its ideals and had failed to achieve its avowed purpose. In that sense, the Abbey Theatre is dead, although one does not expect "Dublin Playgoer" to agree. Your correspondent's contempt for "tradition," and characteristic belief in the superiority of imported players, are most emphatically not the stuff of which the dreams of the Irish Theatre were made.

Yours faithfully,

B.

Foreign Literature

GARCILASO AND BOSCAN

GARCILASO: OBRAS. Prólogo y notas por D. Tomás Navarro. "Clásicos Castellanos." (Madrid, Ediciones de "La Lectura." 3 ptas.)

GARCILASO Y BOSCAN: POESÍAS. (Madrid, Biblioteca Calleja. 2.50 ptas.)

GARCILASO DE LA VEGA: POESÍAS. "Collección Universal." (Madrid, Editorial Calpe. 30c.)

THE first appearance of humanism in Spanish letters is marked by a great literary friendship. The names of Boscán and Garcilaso de la Vega were joined in their lifetime, and their works were published posthumously in one book. "Las Obras de Boscán y algunas de Garcilaso de la Vega" appeared after Boscán's death in 1543, and ran into twenty-one editions before the end of the century. Of the newest editions, one might be called "The Works of Garcilaso and some of Boscán," while the others leave Boscán out altogether.

Juan Boscán was the first Catalan poet to write in Castilian. He is greater for what he made possible than for what he accomplished himself; but to call him merely a mediocre poet is to misunderstand the whole situation. Boscán might be described as a cultivated amateur. He had a keen feeling for beauty and poetry, combined with a sense of scholarship; he belonged to the same tradition as those young men who, a hundred years later, gave performances of their own musical dramas in Florentine palaces, and so made opera a possibility in the hands of regular musicians, or to those amateurs who took part in the first private performances of the early dramas of Angel Guimerá. He was the sort of man who, had he lived in the "Georgian period," would have known Rupert Brooke and helped to found the Marlowe Dramatic Society at Cambridge. His acquaintance with Garcilaso de la Vega began in 1519, when the latter had come to Barcelona as one of the youngest members of the suite of the Emperor Charles V. Later on, at Granada, he met the cultivated and sympathetic Venetian ambassador, Andrea Navagero, who asked him why he did not write sonnets in Spanish, as Santillana had already done, and use some of the other forms employed by Italian poets. Boscán took him at his word.

The facts of Boscán's literary life remind us that Italy is the source of nearly all modern culture. Spaniards, and to a certain extent Englishmen, have been accustomed to hearing Paris spoken of as an Athens where all new movements are supposed to arise. But the French originally received their Latin sense of form and clearness of expression from the Italians, in a succession of waves of poetry, painting and music; and the achievement of the French intellect consists in having so clarified and purified Italian culture as to make it a basis for all others. It was owing to Italian studies that a knowledge of the classics was diffused in Spain. All Italian writers of the trecento and quattrocento, from Petrarch onwards, had felt the influence and adopted the attitude of the humanists; and from the perusal of Italian books cultivated Spaniards had caught the fever for classical research, translation and commentary, and were learning to enjoy Greek and Latin authors for their formal beauty and suggestion of unutterable promise. The "Cancioneros," in which the same ideas and the same similes were repeated over and over again, began to appear insufferably dull to the younger generation at the beginning of the sixteenth century. Their reforms, however, were directed not against Spanish national poetry, but against the artificiality of most of the stuff which was being written in the older manner. The introduction and cultivation of the Italian style did not kill the Spanish style; it enabled it to

express itself more clearly. The prevalence of modern French music in England and Spain has not destroyed the sterling qualities of good English and Spanish music; on the contrary, the work of Vaughan Williams, Falla and Turina has been enriched and clarified by their study of Ravel. So Spanish poetry in the sixteenth century was not destroyed by Italian influences, but given a wider horizon and a new lease of life.

Catalan literature could not subsist without the sustaining authority of humanism, Castilian gained incalculably from the association; and the contact of the formal beauty of the classics with the remote, adventurous art which was the natural heritage of Castile produced the golden age of Spanish literature. No one with the tradition of Milton and some acquaintance with the great Italians can fail to admire the dignity, volume and sweep, as well as the lapidary quality of the best poetry of sixteenth- and seventeenth-century Spain. And these beauties are due in a great measure to the artistic foresight, the sense of scholarship—and the sense of friendship—of men like Boscán, who pointed the way which Garcilaso de la Vega followed with a more profound knowledge of Italian and a deliberate choice of beautiful forms.

LITERATURE AND HISTORY

ETUDES ET FANTASIES HISTORIQUES. 2e Série. Par E. Rodocanachi. (Hachette.)

THE past has often been helpful to men of letters. When they do not feel quite up to the mark they can look at a chronicle or a museum, and ten to one some little creative spurt will result. Events that have happened long ago do acquire a certain air and even a certain shape; though the Muse has not digested them, she has given a preliminary chew, so that a washing bill, provided it belongs to a fifteenth-century convent, or a sucking pig, if given as a prize for the Hundred Yards in 1623, seems already matter for literature. So unexact is the past, so irretrievably lost is the sequence of its facts, that the man of letters can either, like Mr. Belloc, invent a sequence or he can hop from one fact until he conveniently encounters another, like M. Rodocanachi. Antæus-like, each time he thus hops, he feels an agreeable access of vitality, makes a little joke, sheds a little tear, evokes a little picture, throws a little light upon something small in our daily lives, and all the while suggests that the vitality is inherent, not derived, and that if he decided not to hop he could fly. One doubts it. Intermittent inspiration is so common; almost everyone is, for half a sentence, a fine novelist or a profound poet, and if the sentence would but finish there is no knowing where one would get to. As it is, one always gets to the ground, and only when the subject is historical can one pretend the ground is as lofty as the sky. Essays like these are, in fact, not quite on the square; they are neither history nor art, yet dodge criticism by hiding alternately under the robes of either.

This is the only censure that need be passed upon them. They are done very nicely—one can think of nothing as neat in English, though Diehl's "Figures Byzantines" occur as a possible rival in French. "Open me where you will," M. Rodocanachi seems to say, "you shall never find me inadequate." He spreads a newspaper over his brows that the Academy has three times crowned, he leans back in his commodious chair, and one reads:

La vie coulait douce, insouciance, agrémentée de plaisirs. Une fois on édifia un château de bois que des chevaliers durent prendre d'assaut; dans une autre occasion, un groupe de gentilshommes montèrent dans une barque pour aller à la conquête d'une île; mais la barque chavira, les gentilshommes périrent tous noyés; le fils de celui qui avait organisé la fête était du nombre; le duc ne voulut pas qu'elle fût interrompue.

Here in a couple of sentences are gaiety, tragedy, irony, and an implied criticism of the period—the sixteenth century at Ferrara. What more will you? Fantasy? Very well:

Virgile débarrassa Naples d'une invasion de sangsues au moyen d'une sangsue d'or qu'il jeta dans un puits. Il créa un marché où les viandes se conservaient pendant six semaines sans se corrompre. Il fit beaucoup mieux encore: il mit Naples dans une bouteille afin de la soustraire à ses ennemis. Naples n'en fut pas moins prise par les Impériaux

And the people who did or believed these things were once alive. This is history, not literature. And yet they raise emotions appropriate to a creative work, so it is literature, not history. Hither and thither the writer hops, from a blob of dates, via a flight of the imagination, into a financial transaction conducted in écus! the dates are right, the imagination isn't wrong, and only gradually does one realize that the form of his compositions is bastard and their appeal too shifting to be intense.

But the past has another possibility, a subtle and terrible quality which M. Rodocanachi's temperament will never convey. The past once was alive and it now is dead, and if a writer succeeds in expressing these facts simultaneously, as Hardy does in "The Dynasts," and D'Annunzio in "La Città Morta," he has achieved a great literary effect. The expression must be simultaneous, there must be a complete fusion of all tenses, or the spell fails. Napoleon and Agamemnon are men and will not be men, were men and are not men at the same time; even in the flesh they were ghosts, leading phantom armies whose tramp can be heard, and the dust that now blows about the world, influencing us, is Napoleon and Agamemnon. The gates between the living and the dead fly open, as in Beddoes' strange play, yet though the passage has become easy it has lost nothing of its Miltonic horror. The tenses have not been fused in any philosophic sense; it is an æsthetic faith that has interwoven them, three in one and one in three, and made them a garment for poetry. And strictly speaking, it is only along lines such as these that Literature should have any commerce with history: otherwise she may suffer from the connection and have to caper more often than she bargained for.

E. M. F.

FRENCH DOMESTIC HUMOUR

LES MÉMOIRES D'UN BEAU-PÈRE. Par Léon de Tinseau. (Paris; Calmann-Lévy. 4fr. 90.)

ONE of the most agreeable features of the genius of the French is the affection which so many of their intelligent men have for the *petit bourgeois* and his foibles. Such giants as Balzac can envisage the dual nature of French bourgeois society, where *le demi-monde* is dovetailed into *le monde*. Lesser men are content to concentrate on one half or the other. "Les Mémoires d'un Beau-Père" belongs to the latter class. Casimir Lecerteux tells us how he found a husband for his daughter and a wife for his son. He describes the revolt of the younger generation as seen by an amiable parent who is not ashamed to confess to us, "le sourire sur les lèvres," that he is beaten all along the line. That Fernand, his son, will decide his matrimonial affairs for himself, is a foregone conclusion to the reader from his first introduction, but there is throughout a sporting chance that M. Lecerteux may escape from the necessity of accepting Théodore as his son-in-law. Though his antipathy for this young man is based on an avowed prejudice, we hope all the time that Antoinette will choose another husband. But it is not to be. "Théodore," sighs the poor man, "est plus fort que moi."

The central figure is of course Lecerteux himself. He is a man whom Trollope would have loved. He gives himself away at every turn, but at each confession of weakness he only endears himself the more to us, and we lay down a subtle and humorous book with the sensation of having met a charming Frenchman in the train, who beguiled the miles between Calais and Paris by relating to us an episode of his life.

BOUCHER IN LITERATURE

LA CABANE D'AMOUR; OU, LE RETOUR DE L'ONCLE ARSÈNE. Par Francis de Miomandre. (Paris, Emil-Paul Frères. 3fr. 50.)

THE pleasure which we derive from M. de Miomandre's charming story is of precisely the same kind as that given us by French *sanguine* drawings of the eighteenth century. Both the nature of the subject and the method of treatment contribute to the resemblance; there is the same subtle combination of artificiality and fine observation, the same lightness of touch and perfection of technique. Everything in "La Cabane d'Amour" is subordinate to the gentle figure of Géromine, the seventeen-year-old heroine. M. de Miomandre draws her in a hundred attitudes, each more delightful than the last. Here are a few of them culled at random.

First her portrait as she is introduced to us incarcerated in the sombre interior of grandfather Pierotti's provincial villa:

Qu'elle était sage, la petite Géromine! là, toute seule dans la grande salle à manger obscure, assise devant le déjeuner refroidi qu'elle n'eût pas osé toucher au prix de sa vie, tant elle était docile et bien élevée! . . . Et qu'elle était jolie aussi, avec sa figure régulière, blanche et nette comme l'ivoire, ses yeux noirs et brillants, ses lourds cheveux en masse somptueuse sur sa petite tête ronde et ses mains agiles comme des fuseaux. Elle attendait. Un doux sourire voltigeait sur sa bouche enfantine, et l'on eût dit, dans cette pénombre, vraiment une petite fleur d'innocence et de clarté.

She smiles because she has love in her heart, and contrives to exchange *billets doux* with an adoring swain as young and innocent as herself. In the early hours of the morning a rustic *entremetteuse* appears beneath her window and imitates a blackbird's call:

Alors, une fenêtre du premier étage s'ouvrit précautionneusement, on vit l'éclair d'une main blanche, puis une cordelette se déroula, au bout de laquelle tournoyait une de ces petites corbeilles en tiges de lavande que les jeunes filles du Midi s'amusaient à tresser de leurs propres mains avec les brins qu'elles ont elles-mêmes cueillis sur les coteaux. La vieille femme mit dans la corbeille son billet, avec au-dessus un caillou pour l'empêcher de s'envoler, et, rapidement, la cordelette remonta, remonta.

But Géromine's childish dream of romance is rudely shattered. She is told peremptorily that she is to marry a local apothecary who is good enough to forget that her parents delayed their wedding until a few weeks before her birth. Once again we see her alone in the gloomy dining-room:

Géromine pleurait. A longs sanglots désespérés, elle pleurait, sans même cacher sa pauvre petite figure, et ses larmes tombaient, lentes et grosses, sur le tapis. Elle n'avait jamais éprouvé pareille angoisse. Le monde pour elle avait cessé d'exister, elle ne le voyait plus, elle ne comprenait plus rien à rien, elle ne savait plus. . . .

She is rescued by l'Oncle Arsène, the black sheep of the family, whose unexpected return from foreign climes has sown consternation in the heart of old Pierotti. Together they fly to la Cabane d'Amour, the cottage still inhabited by Norine, who was the peasant love of Arsène's youth. There they find Géromine's swain, and the quartet prepares for the final tableau. In honour of the *déjeuner* which is to celebrate the double *fiançailles* Arsène and Norine dive into an ancient trunk and array themselves in their gala clothes of thirty years ago.

Le repas fut charmant, dans la pénombre fraîche de la pièce basse aux larges poutres apparentes et passées au lait de chaux, ainsi que les murs candides. . . . Bernard et Géromine, perdus dans leur rêve, n'avaient d'eux l'un que pour l'autre. Quant à Norine et Arsène, touchants et saugrenus, ils semblaient, avec leurs détroques de jadis, deux vieux acteurs costumés qui sourient à des débutants.

Are not these pictures pure Boucher?

The second story in the book, "Le Journal Interrompu," has the same *dix-huitième* quality, but it is less completely realized, less objectively seen.

R. H. W.

LEO SHESTOV

CHAPTERS FROM A BOOK

AUTHORIZED TRANSLATION FROM THE RUSSIAN BY
S. KOTELIANSKY.

I.

ANTON TCHEHOV tells the truth neither out of love or respect for the "truth," nor yet because, in the Kantian manner, a high duty bids him never to tell a lie, even to escape death.

Neither has he the impulse which so often pushes young and fiery souls into rashness: the desire to stand erect, to keep the head high. On the contrary, Tchekov always walks with a stoop, his head bent down, never fixing his eyes on the heavens, since he will read no signs there. If he tells the truth it is only because the most potent lie no longer intoxicates him, even though he swallow it not in the modest doses that idealism offers, but in immoderate quantities, thousand-gallon-barrel gulps.

He would only taste the bitterness of truth; it would not make his head turn, as it did Schiller's, or Dostoevsky's, or even Socrates', whose head, as we know, could stand any quantity of wine, but went spinning with the most commonplace lie.

II.

Noblesse oblige. The moment of obligation, compulsion, duty, that moment described by Kant as the essential, almost the only predicate of moral concepts, serves chiefly to indicate that Kant, who was modest in himself and in his attitude towards all whom he addressed, perceived in all men beings subject to the ennobling effect of morality. *Noblesse oblige* is a motto not for the aristocracy which recognizes in its privileges its own instant duties, but for the self-made, educated and wealthy *parvenus*, who pant for an illustrious title. They have been accustomed to telling lies, to playing poltroon, swindling and meanness; and the necessity for speaking the truth "disinterestedly," for bravely facing danger, for freely giving of their fortunes, scares them beyond measure. And lest they forget, they repeat it, hourly, to themselves and to their children, in whose veins still runs the blood of their lying, sneaking fathers: "You must not tell lies, you must not play poltroon, you must be magnanimous, generous. And all this you must be disinterestedly, so that none would recognize you. It is silly, incomprehensible, absurd—but *noblesse oblige.*"

III.

A caterpillar is transformed into a chrysalis, and for a long time lives in a warm, quiet little world. Perhaps, if it had human consciousness, it would declare that *that* world was the best, perhaps the only possible world to live in. But there comes a time when some unknown influence causes the little creature to begin the work of destruction. If other caterpillars could see it then, how horrified they would be, revolted to the bottom of their soul by the awful work in which the insurgent is engaged! They would call it immoral, godless, they would begin to talk about pessimism, scepticism, and such-like things. To destroy what has cost such labour to construct! Why, what is wrong with this cosy, comfortable, complete world? To keep it intact they all to their aid sacred morality and the idealistic theory of knowledge. Nobody cares that the caterpillar has grown wings, that when it has nibbled its old nest away it will fly out into space a free, light and spruce butterfly—nobody gives a thought to this.

Wings—that is mysticism, and self-nibbling—this is actuality. Those who create it [make that actuality] deserve torture and execution. And there are plenty of prisons and voluntary hangmen. The majority of books are also prisons, and great authors were often not bad hangmen.

IV.

They say it is impossible to set a bound between the "I" and society. How naive! Crusoes are to be found not only on desert islands. They exist in populous cities. It is true

they are not clad in skins, they have no dark Fridays in attendance; and so nobody recognizes them. But surely Friday and a fur jacket do not make a Crusoe! Loneliness, desertedness, a boundless, shoreless sea, on which no sail has risen for decades—do not many of our contemporaries live in such circumstances? And are they not Crusoes, to whom the rest of people have become a vague reminiscence, barely distinguishable from a dream?

V.

We think with peculiar intensity during the hard moments of our life—we write only when there is nothing else left to us to do.

So that a writer can only communicate something of interest or importance when he reproduces the past. When we are driven to think, we have, unfortunately, no mind to write. That is why all books, after all, are only a feeble echo of what a man has gone through.

VI.

If a man had come to Dostoevsky and said to him, "I am hopelessly unhappy," the great artist of human misery would probably, at the bottom of his soul, have laughed at him and at his naïveté. May one confess such things of oneself? May one go to *such* lengths of complaint, and still expect consolation from one's neighbour?

Hopelessness—it is the most solemn and supreme moment in our life. Hitherto we have been assisted—now we are left to ourselves. Previously we had to do with men and with human laws—now with eternity and the absence of any laws. How can one not be aware of this!

VII.

Scratch a Russian and you will find a Tartar. Culture is an hereditary gift, an age-long development, and the sudden grafting of it upon anyone rarely succeeds. To us, in Russia, civilization came suddenly, whilst we were still savages. At once she assumed the pose of a tamer [of animals], first working with decoys and baits, and later, when she felt her power, with threats. We quickly submitted. In a short time we have swallowed in enormous doses those poisons to which Europe had been gradually accommodating herself, gradually assimilating through centuries with a moderation that renders any poison, even the strongest, innocuous. Hence the transplanting of culture into Russia turned out to be no mild affair. A Russian had only to catch a whiff of European air, and his head began to swim. He interpreted in his own way, savage-like, whatever he happened to see or hear of the successes of Western civilization. He was being told of railways, agricultural machines, schools, municipalities, and his imagination painted miracles: universal happiness, boundless freedom, paradise, wings, etc. And the more unrealizable his dreams, the more eager he was to believe them real, actual. How disillusioned with Europe the Westerner Herzen became, after living for years abroad! Yet, with all the acuteness of his intellect, it did not occur to him that Europe was not in the least to blame for his disillusionment. Europe had abandoned miracles ages ago; she contented herself with ideals. It is the Russian who will go on confusing miracles with ideals, as if the two were identical, whereas they have nothing to do with one another. As a matter of fact, just because Europe had ceased to believe in miracles, and realized that all human problems resolve into mere arrangements here on earth, ideas and ideals were invented there. But the Russian crept out of his bear-hole and looked to Europe for the living and dead water, the flying carpet, the seven-leagued shoes and such-like things, thinking in his naïveté that railways and electricity were only the beginning of things, signs which clearly proved that the old nurse never told a lie in her fairy tales. . . . All this happened just at the moment when Europe had finally made away with astrology and alchemy, and had started on positive researches resulting in chemistry and astronomy.

VIII.

Man is used to having convictions, so there we are. We can none of us do without our hangers-on, though we despise them at the bottom of our souls.

(To be continued).

List of New Books

Prepared in co-operation with the Library Association.

The method of classification adopted is a series of groups roughly corresponding with the Dewey Decimal System, the sub-classes being indicated, for the benefit of librarians and others familiar with the system, by the class-numbers given at the end of each entry. The first numeral in these represents the main class, the second one of the subdivisions, and so on.

Those works in the List which appear most suitable for purchase by Public Library Authorities are marked with an asterisk.

GENERAL WORKS.

BIBLIOGRAPHY, ENCYCLOPÆDIAS, MAGAZINES, &c.

***Studies**: an Irish quarterly journal of letters, philosophy, and science. Dublin, Educational Company of Ireland, December, 1919. 9 in. 172 pp. paper, 2/6 n. 050

The Professor of Politics at University College, Dublin, Dr. Michael Cronin, takes the leading place in this issue with a methodical study of the new German Constitution, which, he considers, should afford lessons of immense value to the rest of Europe. "Even in the revolution we see that Germany has kept her head, and is proof against the insidious allurements of Socialism." Yet the "ideal of a thoroughgoing democracy is operative in every part of the Constitution." Mr. Hilaire Belloc, in an elaborate article, accuses Gibbon of deliberate falsification in his account of Julian the Apostate. In "The League of Nations of a Century Ago" Professor J. M. O'Sullivan writes at large of the reactionary Holy Alliance. Miss Virginia Crawford has a well-timed appreciation of André Lafon, poet and novelist; and among other contributions are "Law and Order in Ireland" (Erskine Childers), "What is the Matter with India?" (T. Gavan Duffy), and a second paper on "Spiritualism and its Dangers" (Herbert Thurston).

100 PHILOSOPHY.

Barker (Elsa). LAST LETTERS FROM THE LIVING DEAD MAN. Written down by Elsa Barker. With an introduction. Rider, 1919. 8 in. 240 pp., 4/6 n. 133.9

The writer of these "Letters," and of previous similar books, mentions in the introduction that before March, 1914, she had been "known as a poet and a novelist," refers to "the swamping" of her literary career by "automatic writings," and states that her present book was written between February, 1917, and February, 1918, and that then she "lost the ability . . . to do automatic writing."

Mead (G. R. S.). THE DOCTRINE OF THE SUBTLE BODY IN WESTERN TRADITION: an outline of what the philosophers thought and Christians taught on the subject. Watkins, 1919. 8 in. 146 pp., 6/ n. 128

The editor of the *Quest* deals in a brief and clear manner with some of the literature of the Platonic schools, of the alchemists, and of the Mithra cult, in support of the view that the human body is an exteriorization of a spiritual one.

300 SOCIOLOGY.

***Burdett (Sir Henry).** BURDETT'S HOSPITALS AND CHARITIES, 1919: being the Year-Book of Philanthropy, and the Hospital Annual. Scientific Press, 1919. 7½ in. 1036 pp. apps. index, 12/6 n. 362

The thirtieth issue of this indispensable year-book. It includes statements of the position and requirements, with chapters on the management, revenue and cost of the charities, as well as much other matter of interest to all who are concerned with the welfare of philanthropic and similar public institutions.

Chancellor (William Estabrook). THE HEALTH OF THE TEACHER. Chicago, Forbes, 1919. 7½ in. 307 pp. index, \$1.25. 371.19

Child welfare and the health of the school-child are well-worn subjects; Dr. Chancellor calls attention to the importance of the teacher's health, on which efficiency depends. He finds that, in the United States at any rate, "the death-rate is much higher in the teaching profession than in most other professions and trades—it has a higher death-rate from

tuberculosis than any other occupation." His book is a useful and interesting contribution to the hygiene of education.

Dell (Floyd). WERE YOU EVER A CHILD? New York, Knopf, 1919. 7½ in. 202 pp. 370.1

Child psychology, modern educational problems and attempts to solve them, and the successes and failures of schools, are here analysed and discussed in an original way. The preface describes the book as "a criticism of the existing school system and a plea for the New Education."

500 NATURAL SCIENCE.

Karpinski (Louis C.), Benedict (Harry Y.), and Calhoun (John W.). UNIFIED MATHEMATICS. Harrap [1919]. 7½ in. 530 pp. tables, index, 10/6 n. 510.2

This first-year course for American college students embraces the elements of Algebra, Trigonometry, Conic Sections, and surfaces of the second degree. The treatment is clear, and the illustrations are well chosen. It is an advantage to have the whole of this elementary mathematics included in one volume.

***Moir (J. Reid).** PRE-PALÆOLITHIC MAN. Ipswich, W. E. Harrison (Simpkin & Marshall) [1919]. 10 in. 67 pp. il. diag. 571.1

The importance of Mr. Reid Moir's contribution to the vexed question of the eoliths is that, by minute scientific observation of the ripple-marks and other results of flaking flints by blows or pressure at different angles, he is able to distinguish between artefacts and those flints which have acquired their shape through fortuitous collisions without human agency. His reasoning is clear, if highly technical, and is illustrated by numerous comparative drawings. He has examined with satisfactory results the prolific detritus-bed under the Pliocene Red Crag near Ipswich and elsewhere in East Anglia. He points out that the implements found associated with the Piltdown man are apparently eolithic, and precursors of the rostro-carinate forms found in the sub-Crag detritus-bed, whence it would appear that "the human remains from the Piltdown gravel must be relegated to the Pre-Palæolithic period."

600 USEFUL ARTS.

Beddoes (W. F.). THE MANAGEMENT OF ENGLISH WOODLANDS. Simpkin & Marshall [1919]. 9½ in. 194 pp. index, 7/6 n. 634.9

Though there is nothing new in this short handbook, it contains some useful hints. At the beginning of the book the writer states that it pays to grow oak in England, yet later on he himself shows that it does not pay. At the prices now ruling there is bound to be a considerable loss on a crop 120 years old.

Bird (J. T.). PRACTICAL CAVY-KEEPING; with a chapter on the profitable breeding of fancy mice. "Country Life" [1919]. 7½ in. 32 pp. paper, 9d. 636.9

This instructive booklet covers the ground very thoroughly.

The Institute of Chartered Accountants in England and Wales. LIST OF MEMBERS, 1919; ROYAL CHARTER AND BYE-LAWS. Gee & Co., 34, Moorgate Street, E.C., 1919. 7½ in. 968 pp. index, 2/. 657.06

King (E. L.). SILHOUETTES OF EFFECTIVE BRITISH WARSHIPS. Sampson Low [1919]. 6½ in. 60 pp. il. index, 3/6 n. 623.9

A little book of illustrations representing the ships of the British navy in black profile. More than 150 pictures, accompanied by particulars of the armaments of the vessels, are comprised in the book, which should be useful to landsmen as well as to seafaring people.

800 LITERATURE.

Castle (Agnes and Egerton). LITTLE HOURS IN GREAT DAYS. Constable [1919]. 8 in. 272 pp., 6/ n. 824.9

"Garden Friendships," "The Garden of my Youth," and two other horticultural or autobiographical sketches appear to be by Mrs. Castle; the rest of the bunch, concerning Tommies, hospitals, and the coming of peace, by the author of "A Little House in War-time."

Hayes (James). PATRICK H. PEARSE, STORYTELLER. Dublin, Talbot Press [1919]. 7½ in. 81 pp. limp cl., 2/ n. 891.63
An English translation follows the Gaelic text of this literary study. Pearse's object in the stories he wrote for his *Claidheamh Soluis* was "to acclimatize in Ireland the principles of storytelling as they were understood and practised in foreign lands, and above all to interpret the modern formula of the short story." This was a new departure in the literary revival of the Irish language, which had hitherto concentrated itself on perpetuating the native canons dating from the era of the Celtic Shanachie. Pearse's pathos and melancholy found in his stories apt and often poetic expression.

López-Picó (J. M.). DIETARI ESPIRITUAL (MORALITATS I PRETEXTOS): segona sèrie (Publicacions de "La Revista," 29). Barcelona, "La Revista," 1919. 7½ in. 133 pp. paper, 3 ptes. 864

This volume is mainly composed of aphorisms; cameo-cut appreciations of living authors, including MM. Paul Claudel, Georg Brandes, Romain Rolland, and André Gide, Messrs. G. K. Chesterton and H. G. Wells, and Signor D'Annunzio; and thumbnail characterizations of the teachings of Virgil, Racine, Shakespeare, Ariosto, Goethe, Mistral, Dickens, Carlyle, and other literary colossi of the past.

Mordell (Albert). THE EROTIC MOTIVE IN LITERATURE. New York, Boni & Liveright, 1919. 8 in. 250 pp., \$1.75 n. 814

An interesting application of the principles of psychoanalysis to literary criticism. The human interest in the works as expressions of personality is undoubtedly increased by the exposition of the emotional springs of action, Swinburne, Charlotte Brontë, Dickens, Browning, Poe, Shelley, Byron, and Keats are all dealt with; and the critical method of Lafcadio Hearn is shown to have been of the same kind as that adopted here. There are two misprints in quotations from Swinburne on pp. 77 and 79.

Quevedo y Villegas (Francisco de). PÁGINAS ESCOGIDAS. Selección, prólogo y comentarios de Alfonso Reyes. Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja, 1917. 6½ in. 404 pp., 2.50 ptas. 867.3

A selection containing part of the "Vida de Buscón" and other "Obras Festivas," satire, criticism, political and ascetic writings, letters, and some of the best known of Quevedo's verse.

Rodocanachi (E.). ETUDES ET FANTAISIES HISTORIQUES. 2e série. Hachette, 1919. 7½ in. 255 pp. paper. 844.9
See review, p. 26.

The Writers' and Artists' Year-Book, 1920: a directory for writers, artists and photographers. Edited by G. E. Mitton. Black [1919]. 7½ in. 228 pp., index, 6/3 n. 805

A very useful book of reference, of which this is the thirteenth year of issue. The contents are brought well up to date; and the lists of journals and magazines (British, Overseas, and American), and of British and American publishers, are important and valuable features. To these, in a future edition, might usefully be added a list of prominent French and other Continental publishers.

POETRY.

Aiken (Conrad). SCEPTICISMS: notes on contemporary poetry. New York, Knopf, 1919. 8 in. 306 pp. 821.04
See review, p. 10.

Aldington (Richard). IMAGES. "The Egoist," 1919. 7½ in. 60 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9

Aldington (Richard). IMAGES OF WAR. Allen & Unwin, 1919. 7 in. 64 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9
See review, p. 14.

Garrod (H. W.). WORMS AND EPITAPHS. Oxford, Blackwell, 1919. 7½ in. 55 pp., 3/6 n. 821.9

Mr. Garrod's chief poetical virtue is an elegance deliberately and elaborately achieved—so deliberately and so elaborately, indeed, that we sometimes secretly wish he might make a slip and fall. At their best his verses have great charm, are epigrammatic, witty and pretty. His favourite poetical form is the octosyllable, which he handles with skill, exploiting all the traditional devices used by the poets to give variety to that facile measure.

Machado (Antonio). PÁGINAS ESCOGIDAS. Madrid, Casa Editorial Calleja, 1917. 6½ in. 326 pp., 2.50 ptas. 861.6

An interesting edition, selected by the poet himself, and containing an autobiographical note and prologue.

Waley (Arthur). JAPANESE POETRY: THE "UTA." Oxford, Clarendon Press, 1919. 8 in. 110 pp. vocab. paper, 6/6 n. 891

See review, p. 12.

FICTION.

Beynon (Francis Marion). ALETA DEY. Daniel [1919]. 7½ in. 255 pp., 6/ n.

Set in Manitoba, this story is essentially an *apologia* for pacifism. The arguments are presented with moderation; and in such passages as the following there is an evident endeavour to realize, and give due weight to, the mental position of those whose consciences urge them to admit the necessity of occasional recourse to the dreadful decision of war: "I believe that if they allowed the most perfect freedom the majority of the people would still choose war, for there is something in the human heart which answers 'present' to the roll call of force."

Bigg (Louisa). IN QUEST OF KIN. Kegan Paul, 1920. 7½ in. 272 pp., 7/ n.

A well-to-do person discovers with the aid of a genealogist some poor relations whom in various ways he befriends. His narrow-minded wife is annoyed, and becomes jealous of one of the girl-cousins. Explanations follow, and the fortunes of several sets of lovers are more or less satisfactorily decided.

Bradby (G. F.). DICK: a story without a plot. Murray, 1919. 7 in. 187 pp., 2/ n.

Burnham (Clara Louise). JEWEL: A CHAPTER IN HER LIFE ("Constable's Popular Series"). Constable [1919]. 7 in. 336 pp., 2/ n.

Campbell (R. W.). JOHN BROWN: confessions of a New Army cadet. Chambers, 1919. 7½ in. 260 pp., 6/ n.

This book by the author of "Spud Tamson," and of other contributions to the lighter class of war literature, is, like its predecessors, pleasant and readable. It gives a good idea of the psychology of our war cadets, and of their camp and social life, from the time of entering the cadet school to the day of the commandant's farewell, when the lads depart to join their battalions.

Clarke (Allen). WHEN THE HURLY-BURLY'S DONE. Dent, 1919. 7½ in. 242 pp., 7/6.

Nine short stories, of a spiritist character. Perhaps the best two are "The Wreck of a World" and "When the Waters went over Me." The latter refers to the loss of the "Titanic."

Cook (W. Victor). GREY FISH. Chambers, 1919. 7½ in. 303 pp., 6/ n.

The elusive submarine and the unsuspected spy offer to the story-writer tempting opportunities, of which Mr. Cook has successfully availed himself in the stirring tales in this volume. The chief characters are Donald Bruce, the representative at Malaga and elsewhere of a Scottish firm of wine-shippers, who *sub rosa* is actively helping the British authorities, and a brave Catalan *contrabandista*, fisherman, and secret agent, who is known as the Pajarillo, or "Little Bird," and has a vendetta against the German murderers of his brother. "The Shark's Cage" (a vigorous narrative of the kidnapping of a German submarine and its entire crew), "The Coast Patrol," and the title-story are among the best of the items.

***Drummond (Hamilton).** A MAKER OF SAINTS. Stanley Paul [1919]. 7½ in. 256 pp., 7/ n.

Marco Fieravanti, of Forlì, a great sculptor who is known as "The Maker of Saints," is the hero of this picturesque romance of Italy in the thirteenth century. One of the personages introduced is Dante. A prominent episode is a surprise attack upon the castle of a proud old count, Fieravanti's chief patron, whose daughter and the sculptor are lovers. It is by no means easy to infuse much vitality into an imaginative tale of so long ago, but the author has undoubtedly achieved a measure of success in his undertaking.

Drury (William Price). ALL THE KING'S MEN. Chapman & Hall, 1919. 7½ in. 224 pp., 7/ n.
Lieut.-Col. Drury provides a mixed refection of naval yarns, mystery stories, humorous sketches, and other light fare, with a few bits of pathos.

Gibbon (J. Murray). DRUMS AFAR: an international romance. Lane, 1920. 7½ in. 352 pp., 7/ n.

A bright story containing attractive pictures of the life of a man at Oxford, glimpses of New York and Boston, an account of Chicago and its University, descriptions of "smart" social functions in Newport, as well as the love-affairs of the hero and an American girl, and of an English girl and the Oxford man's college friend from Chicago. The excitement in the United States and in Canada on the outbreak of the German war is well depicted.

Hewlett (Maurice). THE OUTLAW. Constable [1919]. 7½ in. 283 pp., 6/ n.

See review, p. 15.

Lorimer (Norma). WITH OTHER EYES. Stanley Paul [1919]. 8 in. 320 pp., 7/ n.

Much of this pleasant story is alluringly set in the "Island Valley of Avalon." The heroine is of Acadie, and is fittingly named Evangeline. She and her widowed mother have come from Nova Scotia, and settle at Glastonbury, where the mother marries an amiable old doctor, and the daughter falls in love with his son. But while Evangeline is on a visit to a Welsh manor belonging to her friend, a young clergyman arrives on the scene. Later, after losing a foot at the front, he comes to an understanding with Evangeline. The story incidentally gives some sort of answer to the problem whether women ought to be "saddled for life" with men whom they no longer love or respect, merely because they have "given themselves to their country."

O'Kelly (Seumas). THE GOLDEN BARQUE; AND THE WEAVER'S GRAVE. Dublin, Talbot Press, 1919. 7 in. 218 pp., 3/6 n.

The late Seumas O'Kelly, so far as he was not a journalist but a story-teller, acquired his art from Synge. The weird, strangely picturesque thing called "The Weaver's Grave" would read like some fantastic effort in the pure macabre had we not learned to recognize the grim and sardonic humour and the nearness to primitive earth of the Celtic peasant first of all in his tales and dramas. It is not a story, but a curious episode, an anecdote depicted—or etched—rather than told; and Seumas O'Kelly was masterly in this pictorial style. "Billy the Clown" and "The Derelict" are the best stories in the little cycle of life on a canal-barge entitled "The Golden Barque."

Paterson (Andrew Barton). THREE ELEPHANT POWER; and other stories. Sydney, Angus & Robertson (Australian Book Co.), 1917 [sic]. 7½ in. 138 pp., 4/

The title-story is an exaggerated yarn of a high-powered car and a mendacious motorist, and is inferior to "The Dog as a Sportsman," "Concerning a Dog-fight," "The Dog," and the other animal stories—which are much better than those about humans. Only a few of the stories hail obviously from Australia.

Phillpotts (Eden). EVANDER. Grant Richards, 1919. 7½ in. 200 pp., 6/ n.

See review, p. 15.

Stockley (Cynthia). WILD HONEY ("Constable's Popular Series," 2). Constable [1919]. 7 in. 348 pp., 2/ n.

Tinseau (Léon de). LES MÉMOIRES D'UN BEAU-PÈRE. Paris, Calmann-Lévy [1919]. 7½ in. 283 pp. paper, prix provisoire 4fr. 90. 843.9

See notice, p. 27.

Wemyss (Mrs. George). PEOPLE OF POPHAM ("Constable's Popular Series"). Constable, 1919. 7 in. 312 pp., 2/ n.

Wemyss (Mrs. George). THE PROFESSIONAL AUNT ("Constable's Popular Series"). Constable, 1919. 7 in. 232 pp., 2/ n.

Williams (Nella). MY SISTER TAKES A REST CURE. Jarrolds [1919]. 7½ in. 94 pp., 2/6 n.

This short tale depicts with considerable actuality the life in a French sanatorium of a girl who has had a nervous breakdown. A slight love-story is interwoven with the main episode.

910 GEOGRAPHY, TOPOGRAPHY, ANTIQUITIES, &c.

Bosworth (George F.). THE MANOR OF HIGHAM BENSTED, WALTHAMSTOW. Walthamstow Antiquarian Society, 1919. 13 in. 15 pp. il. paper. 914.267

The sixth of Mr. Bosworth's admirable monographs relating to the topography of Walthamstow.

***Essex Archaeological Society.** TRANSACTIONS, vol. 15, part 2 (new series). Colchester, the Society, 1919. 9 in. 56 pp. il. paper. 913.4267

A posthumous article by Professor Haverfield on "Centuriation in Roman Essex" holds the place of honour in this issue, which contains also Professor J. H. Round's "Architecture and Local History" and two local articles, and Mr. W. Minet's "Steward's Accounts at Hadham Hall, 1628-9," together with notes on recent discoveries of deneholes, &c. The illustrations are of church chests and effigies. Altogether it is an interesting number.

***Morgan (Iris and Gerda).** THE STONES AND STORY OF JESUS CHAPEL, CAMBRIDGE. Cambridge, Bowes & Bowes, 1914 [sic]. 10½ in. 394 pp. il. plans, apps. bibliog. index, 21/ n. 914.259

Most successfully illustrated and admirably printed, this book is an attractive and detailed history of a building which for more than seven centuries has been the temple of worship of distinguished and saintly men and women. For three and a half centuries the house was possessed by a Benedictine sisterhood, but the nunnery was dissolved in 1496, and Jesus College was founded on its site. The nuns' buildings to a great extent survived the Dissolution. The chapel is unique in the University, as the sole chapel which was designed for a conventual, not a collegiate house; but it is only a fragment of the great church which was dedicated to St. Radegund, founder of the Abbey of Poitiers. It is remarked by the authors that the College is a link with "the mediæval Cambridge of a dim pre-academic age, at least a century before any definite collegiate community was founded."

Westlake (H. F.). WESTMINSTER: a historical sketch ("The Story of the English Towns"). S.P.C.K., 1919. 7½ in. 124 pp. il. plans, bibliog. index, 3/6 n. 914.21

A brief recital of the vicissitudes of a region which from a monastic retreat became the seat of government of the empire, the favourite place of residence of the elect and powerful, and "a symbol of England itself." The conciseness of treatment incumbent upon the author has scarcely enabled him to do justice to his subject.

920 BIOGRAPHY.

Bridges (J. A.). VICTORIAN RECOLLECTIONS. Bell, 1919. 7½ in. 203 pp., 7/6 n. 920

Mr. Bridges, who proclaims himself a *laudator temporis acti*, was born in 1835, so that he may be allowed to speak with authority of the Victorian age. He has seen the last of many excellent things and persons—the stage coach, the three-bottle man, the old-fashioned Oxford don—and the first of many others. He writes of the army, the navy, and the Church of the forties and fifties. His belief in the gloriousness of those happy days leads him into occasional statements of a kind that might perhaps be questioned. Thus, speaking of the port-carrying capacity of our ancestors, he says: "There is the fact that constitutions are not so strong as they used to be." As a whole, the book makes excellent light reading.

Horsley (Sir Victor).

***Paget (Stephen).** SIR VICTOR HORSLEY: a study of his life and work. Constable, 1919. 9 in. 358 pp. il. pors. index, 21/ n. 920

See review, p. 18.

***Raymond (C. T.).** ALL AND SUNDRY. Fisher Unwin [1919]. 9 in. 283 pp., 10/6 n. 920

The author of "Uncensored Celebrities," which someone called "a sort of malicious Debrett," here exonerates himself from the charge of satire, or even criticism, by a series of unbiased character-sketches of President Wilson, the Bishop of London, Sir Thomas Beecham, Sir A. Conan Doyle, Mr. Speaker, the Duke of Somerset, and others of all sorts.

Who's Who, 1920: an annual biographical dictionary. Black [1919]. 8½ in. 2882 pp. obit. index, 40/ n. 920

To acclaim a book as "indispensable" is sometimes a mere figure of speech, and the adjective is decidedly overworked. There is, however, a very limited class of annually appearing volumes—belonging to the order of "books which are no books," but nevertheless absolutely necessary to men of letters, to workers in the fields of literature, art, science, education, politics, and finance, and even to the social lounge—to which no other word is so fittingly applicable. In this aristocracy of annuals, "Who's Who" is not far from holding the first place. The seventy-second issue is before us; and what can be said of this excellent year-book which has not been expressed many times already? Nearly 3,000 pages, filled with admirably concentrated biographies of distinguished or notable men and women, are comprised in the volume, which, as usual, is of a convenient size, and is handsomely produced. "Who's Who" for 1920, in spite of the years of unrest and convulsion through which we have latterly passed, more than maintains its unshakable position.

930-990 HISTORY.

Hurry (Jamieson B.). THE TRIAL BY COMBAT OF HENRY DE ESSEX AND ROBERT DE MONTFORT AT READING ABBEY. Elliot Stock, 1919. 10½ in. 31 pp. il. index, boards, 3/6 n. 942.031

An interesting and well-produced monograph, published in association with the donation to the Art Gallery at Reading of a picture, by Mr. Harry Morley, representing the trial by combat of Henry de Essex, Standard-Bearer to Henry II., and Robert de Montfort, at Reading Abbey in 1163—a famous duel à outrance recorded in the chronicle of Jocelin de Brakelond.

Josephus (Flavius). SELECTIONS FROM JOSEPHUS. Translated by H. St. J. Thackeray ("Translations of Early Documents: series 2, Hellenistic-Jewish Texts"). S.P.C.K. 1919. 8 in. 213 pp. app. table of dates, index, 5/ n. 933

An acceptable garner from the "Jewish Antiquities," "Jewish War," "Treatise against Apion," and the "Life," preceded by an introduction dealing with the historian and his works, and with the literature on the subject.

Pollock (John). THE BOLSHEVIK ADVENTURE. Constable, 1919. 8 in. 279 pp. index, 7/6 n. 947.08

Mr. Pollock was in Russia from 1915 to 1919, and his book pretends to be nothing more than a calm statement of facts as he saw them. In more than one place he says, "Russia is living, barely living, on the remains of the industry of the past." "This year [1919], if the Bolshevik régime is allowed to last, there will be no sowing beyond the peasants' immediate needs, if indeed seed corn suffices for that, no wood will be cut or transported to the cities, and it seems inevitable that unless Petrograd is taken this summer by Koltchak or by the sluggish allies of Russia, a large proportion of some thirty million human beings in the northern governments must perish of cold and hunger." Petrograd has not been taken, Koltchak seems to be out of the game, and Denikin on the verge of checkmate: will Mr. Pollock's forecast be verified?

***Stevens (G. W.).** WITH KITCHENER TO KHARTUM ("Edinburgh Library of Non-Fiction Books"). Nelson [1919]. 7½ in. 384 pp., 2/6 n. 962.6

A reprint of the famous war correspondent's account of Kitchener's work on the Nile.

940.9 THE GREAT EUROPEAN WAR.

***Bodley (James Edward Courtney).** THE ROMANCE OF THE BATTLE LINE IN FRANCE; with an additional chapter on the results of the late war as affecting our national life and imperial interests. Constable [1919]. 8 in. 269 pp. map, index, 7/6 n. 940.9

The battles of a century and a half ago were fought on much the same ground as the late struggle on the Western Front; Malplaquet was the scene of our last fight—these interesting points emerge from Mr. Bodley's topographical and strategical study. He brings out, on the economic side, that we have imitated Germany rather in what is evil than in what is good. We might have copied Germany's town-

planning. Our modern architecture is inferior, and was a bitter disillusionment to our overseas troops—who also found the British Museum and the art galleries closed. We flung money away with one hand, and exercised a contemptible economy with the other. It will be seen that Mr. Bodley's book is very miscellaneous in its contents; but his observations are thoughtful and salutary.

Cornford (Leslie Cope). THE PARAVANE ADVENTURE. Hodder & Stoughton [1919]. 8 in. 294 pp. por. il. app., 7/6 n. 940.9

The whole story of Commander C. Dennis Burney's invention, the obstacles and discouragement put in his way by official apathy, and the invaluable services ultimately rendered by the use of paravanes in defeating mine and submarine attacks on our shipping, is picturesquely related by Mr. Cope Cornford.

Czernin (Count Ottokar). IN THE WORLD WAR. Cassell, 1919. 9½ in. 352 pp. por. index, 25/ n. 940.9

It is greatly to be regretted that this translation of an interesting and important book should have been entrusted to someone with a half knowledge of German, and a complete ignorance of the elementary facts about Austria. Whole pages are turned into sheer nonsense. For instance, the translator believes that *Oktroyierung* means "customs dues," with the result that an interesting letter to Tisza (p. 168) on the question of the Socialists and Stockholm becomes balderdash. *Kirchentumpolitik* becomes "a petty ecclesiastical policy," which makes nonsense of Czernin's enlightening analysis of Tisza. A competent German scholar may be able to grope in some cases at the original, but the ordinary reader will be simply bewildered. Such minor gems as *circular vitiosus* (p. 187) or *ad oculus* are not worth mentioning. A characteristic sentence is the following:

It was Franz Ferdinand's wish that I should be in the Herrenhaus as he was anxious for me to be one of a delegation and also to profit by my extensive training in foreign affairs.

The translator knows nothing of the Delegations, even though Czernin explains the system at length in his book. It is, in our opinion, deplorable that such a disgraceful piece of work should appear over the imprint of a famous and honoured firm.

Hanotaux (Gabriel). L'AISNE PENDANT LA GRANDE GUERRE (Collection "La France Dévastée: série 1: Les Régions"). Paris, Alcan, 1919. 7 in. 135 pp. il. maps, paper, 3fr. 30. 940.9

No French Department has suffered more cruelly than that of the Aisne during the past five years; and M. Hanotaux, whose authority, as an inhabitant of the region and as a historian, is incontestable, brings before the reader a poignant and vivid picture of the ravages of war which the German invasion brought to the doors of the people of St. Quentin, Rheims, and numerous other places.

Percin (Général). LILLE. Paris, Grasset, 1919. 7½ in. 328 pp. apps. index, paper, 4fr. 55. 940.9

The regional commandant at Lille in August, 1914, who was accused of abandoning this fortress, here assembles a mass of documents which he weaves into a graphic narrative, to show that the case was the exact antithesis of the charge made by his enemies. He belonged to the strategic school who foresaw that the Germans would come up the left bank of the Meuse, and not make their grand attack on the German-French frontier. These views, he affirms, were entirely disregarded, and those who held them were superseded or otherwise victimized. He paints a terrible picture of the disorganization and the sacrifice of invaluable material at Lille.

Vedel (Emile). QUATRE ANNÉES DE GUERRE SOUSMARINE. Paris, Plon-Nourrit [1919]. 7½ in. 382 pp. index, tables, paper. 940.9

Commandant Emile Vedel furnishes a very full account of the German submarine campaign and our modes of countering it. His report is methodical, showing the developments on each side year by year, and well documented, concluding with a list of German U-boats destroyed. There are short descriptions also of the work of the flying boats, mine-sweepers, &c. While we offer our congratulations on the appearance of an index in a French book, our satisfaction is qualified by the amateurishness of some of the entries.